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OCTOBER 1983 \$3.95

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in '84

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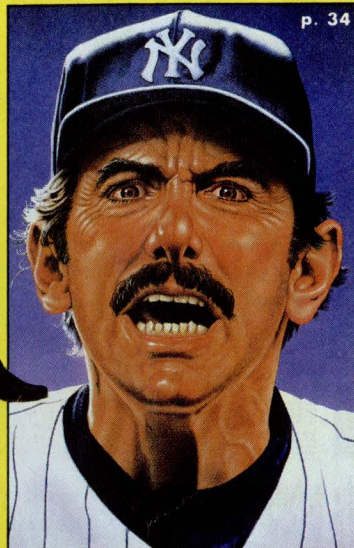
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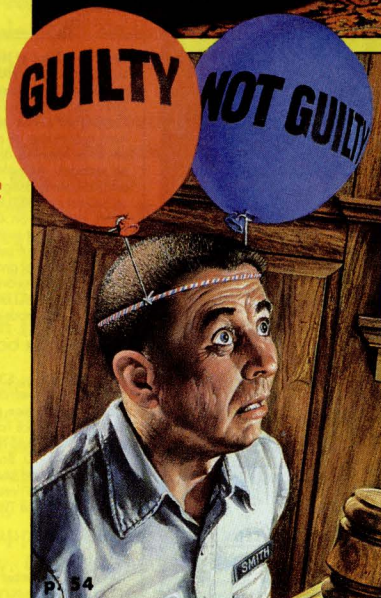
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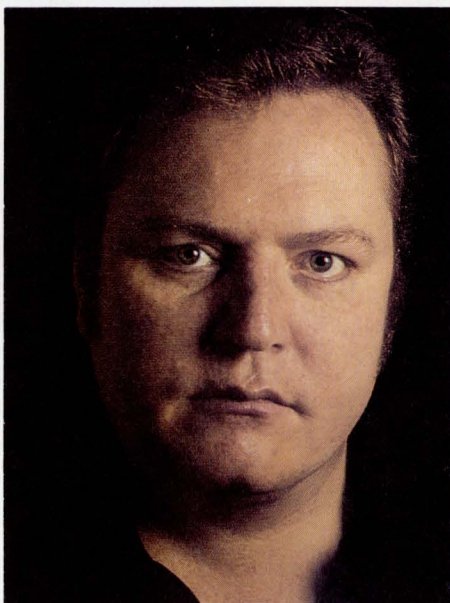
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



HUSTLER Is Moving Ahead

When I announced earlier this year that I had regained my health after being shot and paralyzed during a 1978 obscenity trial in Georgia, many readers felt that my return as Publisher of HUSTLER would bring immediate changes to the magazine. It's great to be back, and there *are* many things I want to do in order to be even more responsive to our readership.

In publishing, however, everything takes time. For one thing, a lot of people don't realize that we work on each issue four months in advance. But also, the task of refining editorial focus by creating new and different ideas is not an easy one. I'm a perfectionist. That means to get things right, they must be carefully thought out, and they must proceed step by step.

Men's magazines have become so boring in recent years that my goal is to give you something completely new and different. Our pictorials, for example, won't be just erotic, but also sensational. In order to do this, much planning is needed with the models, the photographers and the set designers.

As for humor, we've never taken ourselves so seriously that we can't stop occasionally for a laugh. Humor will continue to be an essential ingredient to our editorial product, but motivating and developing new cartoonists is another thing that takes time.

In the early days we approached political subjects and social issues with a fury. Our satirical wit was not only irreverent, but also iconoclastic to the point that we

shocked and outraged the nation, forcing people to face the hypocrisies and inconsistencies surrounding them. They called us the Lenny Bruce of men's magazines, and we lived up to our name.

Nothing is sacred, and nothing should be. That was our philosophy then, and I share the same philosophy today. But assembling an editorial staff to tackle the '80s with the same vigor and intensity that we approached the '70s takes time and thought.

Keep in mind that the boy who was ten years old when HUSTLER started is now a man of 20. We not only have the task of dealing with this new generation, but we also have to continue to be responsive to the older one. Anything less isn't good enough for HUSTLER.

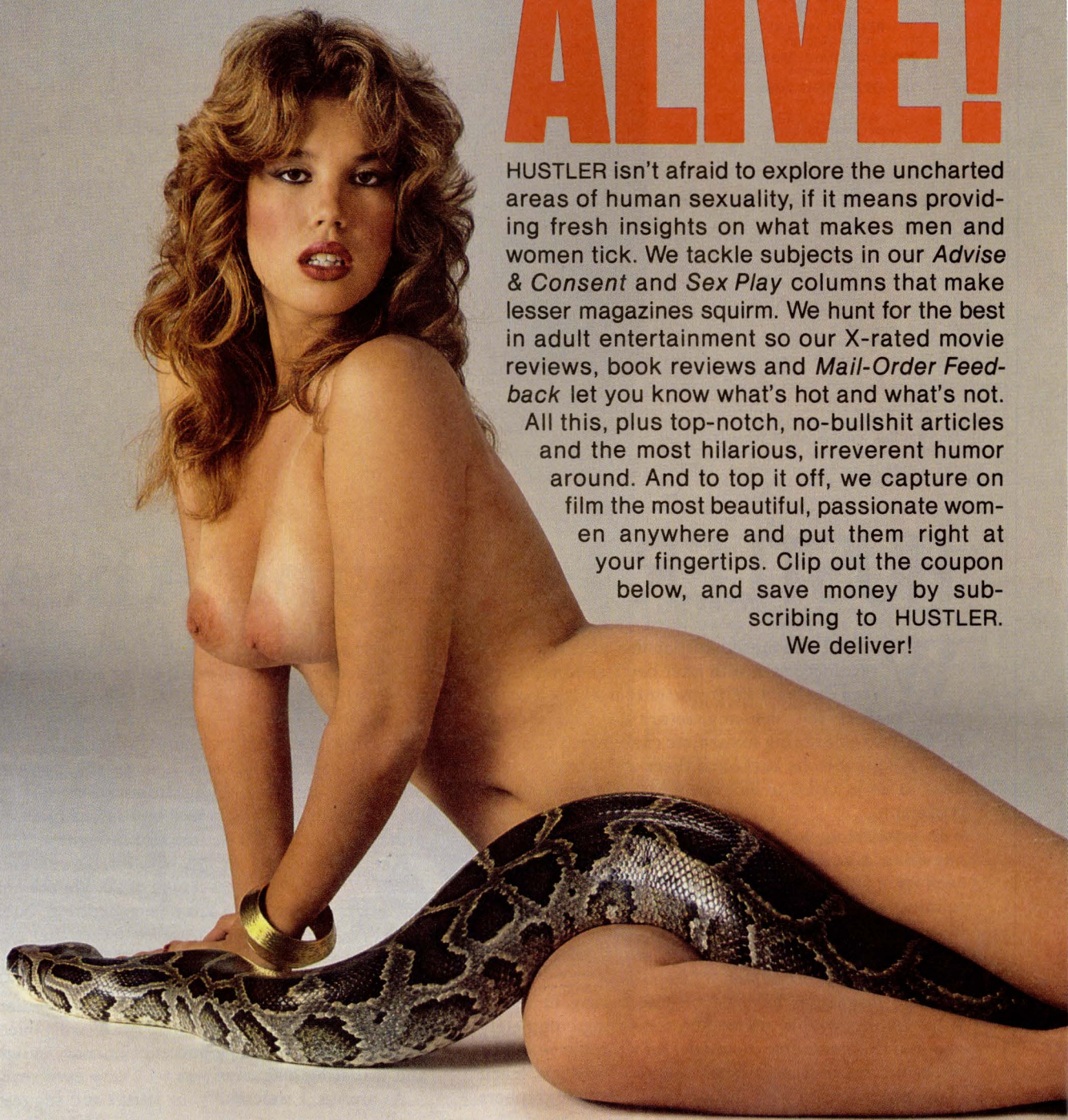
I know that as Publisher I can deliver to you the greatest magazine in the world. All I ask is your patience and your continued support. HUSTLER will once again prove that it is the most uncompromising, enlightening and titillating magazine you will have ever read.

As always, I welcome your letters and suggestions.

Larry Flynt

Publisher

WE BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!



HUSTLER isn't afraid to explore the uncharted areas of human sexuality, if it means providing fresh insights on what makes men and women tick. We tackle subjects in our *Advise & Consent* and *Sex Play* columns that make lesser magazines squirm. We hunt for the best in adult entertainment so our X-rated movie reviews, book reviews and *Mail-Order Feedback* let you know what's hot and what's not. All this, plus top-notch, no-bullshit articles and the most hilarious, irreverent humor around. And to top it off, we capture on film the most beautiful, passionate women anywhere and put them right at your fingertips. Clip out the coupon below, and save money by subscribing to HUSTLER. We deliver!

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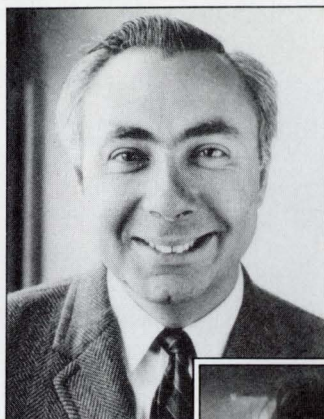
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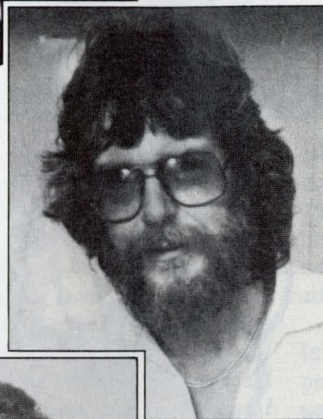
HUSTLER is more than America's best men's magazine—it's one of America's finest magazines, *period*. Each month we capture the humor, desires, problems and worries of this country in a way that can't be matched. Making HUSTLER the best requires a knowledge and insight into America and Americans that few other magazines have. Because of our concern for people's feelings and experiences, we often stand up for those freedoms and rights that others choose to ignore—or even attack.

One of those rights is included in America's tradition that a person is innocent until proven guilty. But in **COURTROOM HORRORS: THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN JUSTICE** you'll learn that that's not always the case. Author **PABLO F. FENJVES** was shocked by the incompetence and confusion he found in our legal system. "The injustices are far more common than you think," says Fenjves. "And when there are that many, you have to wonder what's really going on. It was interesting talking to the people involved, because so many of them admitted justice in this country is a tremendous fiasco. The system is buckling under its own weight." Fenjves often reports on the conditions of American liberties and rights. His heartrending article *America's Shame: The Haitian Boat People* (HUSTLER, November 1982) examined the plight of refugees struggling for freedom in a new land. The accompanying artwork for *Courtroom Horrors* is by HUSTLER newcomer **REN WICKS**, whose bold and dramatic illustration perfectly captures the crap-shoot quality of our nation's court system. A professional artist for some 30 years, Wicks has worked for everyone from *Reader's Digest* to CBS Television.

While many of our social institutions seem to be in shambles, one American tradition remains steady: baseball. The grand old game is still our national pastime, and New York Yankees manager Billy Martin is perhaps its most controversial and outspoken personality. *New York Post* sportswriter **MAURY ALLEN** offers a probing examination of the man and the manager in **BASEBALL'S BILLY MARTIN: THE MOUTH THAT ROARS**. "I



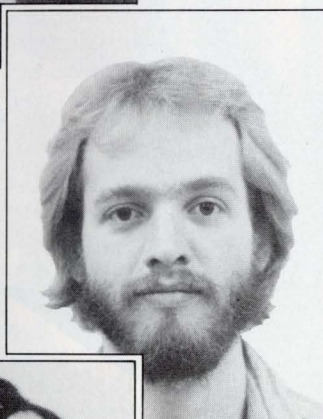
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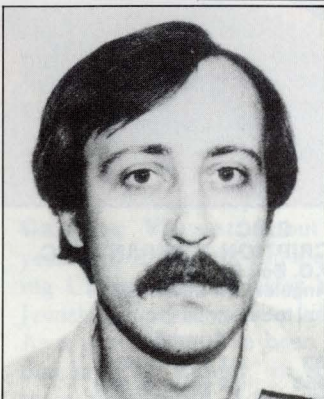
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John Tido

find Martin to be a truly fascinating figure—he's such a dynamic personality," says Allen. "I've known him a long time, and the guy never ceases to amaze me." In 20 years of covering sports, Allen has written more than a dozen books, including *Damn Yankees: The Billy Martin Story* and *Mr. October: The Reggie Jackson Story*. The vein-popping, eyes-bulging illustration of the fiery Yankee skipper comes from the talented brush of **MICHAEL BACKUS**. "I usually do advertising work, where I'm always smoothing out wrinkles and improving the way people look," Backus reveals. "I particularly enjoyed the challenge of using stark realism to capture that look of intense anger on Martin's face." This is Backus's first appearance in HUSTLER.

America becomes the land of deadly opportunity with a plot to steal from the Mob in this month's gripping fiction, **TALK TO A LIVE NUDE GIRL!** Author **LESLIE BOHEM** is a multitabled musician and writer whose band, Gleaming Spires, has gained a national cult-following for its quirky, catchy songs like "Are You Ready for the Sex Girls?" and "Christian Girls' Problems." Bohem's currently touring with the rock band Sparks. The captivating artwork for *Nude Girl!* is by HUSTLER regular **DAVID MANN**, who illustrated August's article *Condemned to Die: The Hell of Death Row*.

The startling relationship between **SEX AND DEATH** is explored in October's thought-provoking *Sex Play* column. Writer **JOHN TIDO** found out that the two subjects are bizarrely intertwined. "Writing this article made me rethink my whole attitude toward dying," Tido told us. "I realize now what a large influence it has on people without their knowing it. For me, it explains things about sexual desires that had made no sense before." **JOHN ANDREWS**, another HUSTLER regular, supplied the companion artwork. Last month we called on him to illustrate our *Sex Play* on the sexual side of witchcraft.

In addition this month, we've put together **MEIN SCRAPBOOK**—a hilarious send-up of the faked Hitler diaries that's guaranteed to bust a gut. And, of course, our outrageous cartoons and explicit pictorials bring you a freedom to laugh and lust that you won't find anywhere else.

Once again, HUSTLER has defended your right to the best in men's entertainment. 🍌

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She's wet, she's wild . . . and she's CHIC. That's what makes CHIC so special. It's dripping with mouth-watering women who could satisfy *any* man's tastes. And there's more—fascinating, no-holds-barred articles on subjects too hot for other magazines to handle, searing erotic fiction and outrageous modern humor. All this plus regular columns to enhance your lifestyle and health, like *Sex Life* and *Dope*, and pure-entertainment columns such as *Odds & Ends*, *Music Notes* and *Trivia Trip*. Clip out the coupon below and subscribe today to the magazine that does it with style—CHIC.



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Depths of Sleaziness? Your shoddy attempt at alleged satire in which you referred to New Bedford, Massachusetts, as the "Portuguese rape capital of the world" (*Bits & Pieces*, August) has taken HUSTLER to new heights—or depths—of sleaziness.

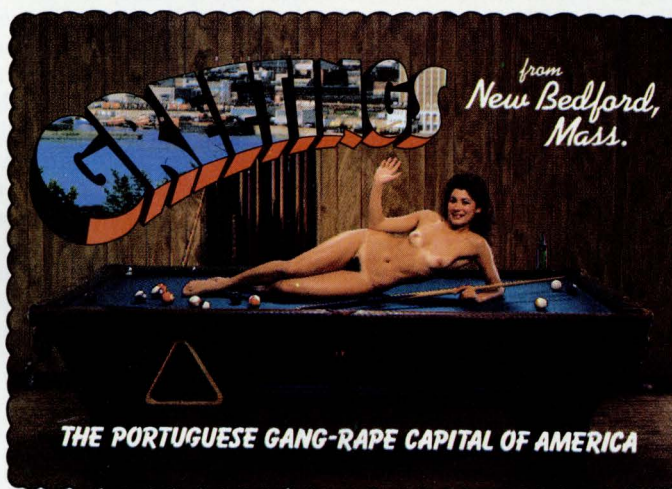
You have made mockery out of a tragedy and the alleged brutalization of a woman. You have slandered and insulted a people who have fought and died for the Constitution which protects your right to heap upon them the most vile form of ethnic defamation. You have sullied the good people of New Bedford.

But perhaps what offends me and the citizens of Massachusetts most is that HUSTLER has stooped to ethnic name-calling, thus rolling back the clock to the time not so long ago when men, women and children were attacked because of their ethnic origins, the color of their skin, their religion.

In those days, cowards such as you hid under white sheets, not behind the First Amendment. HUSTLER owes an apology to the Portuguese community, the City of New Bedford and to all women for exploiting a tragic situation and trivializing



Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis



it to a titillating farce.

—Michael S. Dukakis, Governor
The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Boston, Massachusetts

We agree that rape is a terrible tragedy. So are Klan lynchings, AIDS, mass unemployment and abortion. But that doesn't mean any of those topics should be exempt from satirical comment. We deal with the controversial issues of the times, not just to make folks talk, but to get them to think. We do regret, however, that many people were offended by this parody. We extend our apologies to them, particularly to the Portuguese community and the people of New Bedford.

Jackie Onassis: I'm a 19-year-old mechanic who hasn't read HUSTLER all that long. The other day at work my boss saw me with a copy and told me about some photos of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis you supposedly ran once. Did you really print pictures of her—naked? —H. S. Midland, Texas

Yes, we did. In August 1975, HUSTLER became the first American magazine to present a series of color photographs of Jackie Onassis taken with a telephoto lens from a fishing boat off the Greek island of Skorpios. We've printed one of those photos on this page. If you'd like to see all the other sides of the World's First Lady, the August '75 issue is still available for \$5, plus \$1 for postage and handling, from Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). Sorry, no Canadian orders can be accepted.

Cartoon Views: About five or six years ago HUSTLER ran a cartoon showing Chester the Molester luring a little Jewish girl with a dollar bill on a string. As a proud Jew, I've been pissed off by that kind of "humor" in your magazine many times since. Your latest display of stupidity was an August cartoon that de-

picted an African safari in which two black natives were walking in front of a Jewish hunter, carrying his ridiculously oversize nose on the top of their heads. That was the last straw!

It's plain to me that anti-Semitism like yours is rooted in the blatant envy you hold for the Jewish people. You obviously can't accept the fact that so many of us have obtained wealth and stature in this country far beyond that of the inferior Gentile population. It's been proven that genetically, Jews are smarter,

more aware and more industrious than non-Jews. Just look at our strong influence in this country, especially in the radio, TV, movie and publishing industries. The best actors, singers, writers, editors and producers are all Jewish.

So watch your step, HUSTLER. The Jewish people's ability to make and break people in the communications industry



Cynthia: Baby Face

means we won't be trifled with.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

HUSTLER's brand of humor is meant to confront stereotypes... and challenge the cloak of silence that provides bigotry with a fertile breeding ground. By the way, you sound more than a little bigoted yourself.

I am an avid female HUSTLER fan who was first introduced to your magazine by a male friend. He said I'd probably get a bang out of the cartoons, since I considered the ones in other men's magazines

stupid or boring. I was really impressed! Your cartoonists Dwaine Tinsley, John Billette, Dan Collins and George Trosley should go down in history as the masters of cartoon humor. With them on your side, you can't go wrong!

—Name Withheld by Request
Hornell Heights, Ontario, Canada

Anniversary Praise: Your Ninth Anniversary Issue (July) was great! I liked both *Alexandra: Baby Blue* and *HUSTLER's Guide to Sexual Positions* so much that I bought two copies of the magazine. That way, I could put all the pages up on the walls of my bedroom!

The pictorial of Alexandra was *awesome*. And as for the girl who appeared in *Sexual Positions*, I liked her so much, I hope you'll feature this stunning model in a photo-layout of her very own.

—Michael Hill
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

My praise to *HUSTLER* for the center-fold titled *Alexandra: Baby Blue*, which appeared in your July issue. However, I have one suggestion to make. How about giving us more information about the models, such as their ages, measurements, etc.? I'd sure like to get the specifics on the gorgeous Alexandra!

—P. E. H.
Waco, Texas

Tim O'Hara: I've just finished reading Ben Pesta's interview with Tim O'Hara of the Rene Guyon Society (August), and I'm pissed! How could anyone advocate that children be initiated to sex at the age of four? Pesta should have cut that fucking creep O'Hara's dick off and shoved it up the guy's ass!

—Fred Duffen Jr.
Bradford, Massachusetts

I can't believe Tim O'Hara has the nerve to say he's received only 12 negative letters in the 20 years since the Rene Guyon Society was founded. If *HUSTLER* would solicit letters from all its readers who object to the statements O'Hara made in this interview, I'm sure the number of critical letters would be overwhelming!

I also want to thank you for publishing such a clear photograph of Mr. O'Hara so that I'll recognize him if I ever see him. Because if I *do* meet him some day, I'm gonna rip his lungs out through his nose!

—Keith B. Burns
Aberdeen, Maryland

In the seven years I've been reading *HUSTLER* Magazine, I have never been so infuriated as I was when I read the Tim O'Hara interview. Now I am mad! Not at *HUSTLER*, which is the only men's magazine I buy month after month, but at O'Hara.

What O'Hara said in that interview made me sick! To think that he or some other perverted, mentally deranged adult could have their way with children such as my nieces and nephews who are still under the age of eight turns my stomach. And using a condom makes no fucking difference whatsoever. Any way you look at it, vaginal or anal penetration of a minor is none other than child abuse.

Let's give children the chance to be children and to grow up to be happy, well-adjusted adults—not the child abusers they might become if exposed to scums like Tim O'Hara.

—Richard Cope
Plant City, Florida

What a warped, twisted mind Tim O'Hara possesses. I can't believe anyone would push for child sex and only frown on not wearing a condom. Condom or no condom, it just isn't right.

I was a victim of incest, and I didn't "bother" my father for sex. My ordeal started before I was five. I didn't even know what sex was; so I surely wasn't looking for sexual gratification.

Now I have two young daughters to protect from people like O'Hara and my father. But I'm not keeping my girls in the dark about sex. I believe in discussing the subject and answering all of their questions. They'll never hear of sex as something that's nasty or sinful.

—Marie Anderson
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Please accept my congratulations on a truly stimulating—as well as disturbing—August issue.

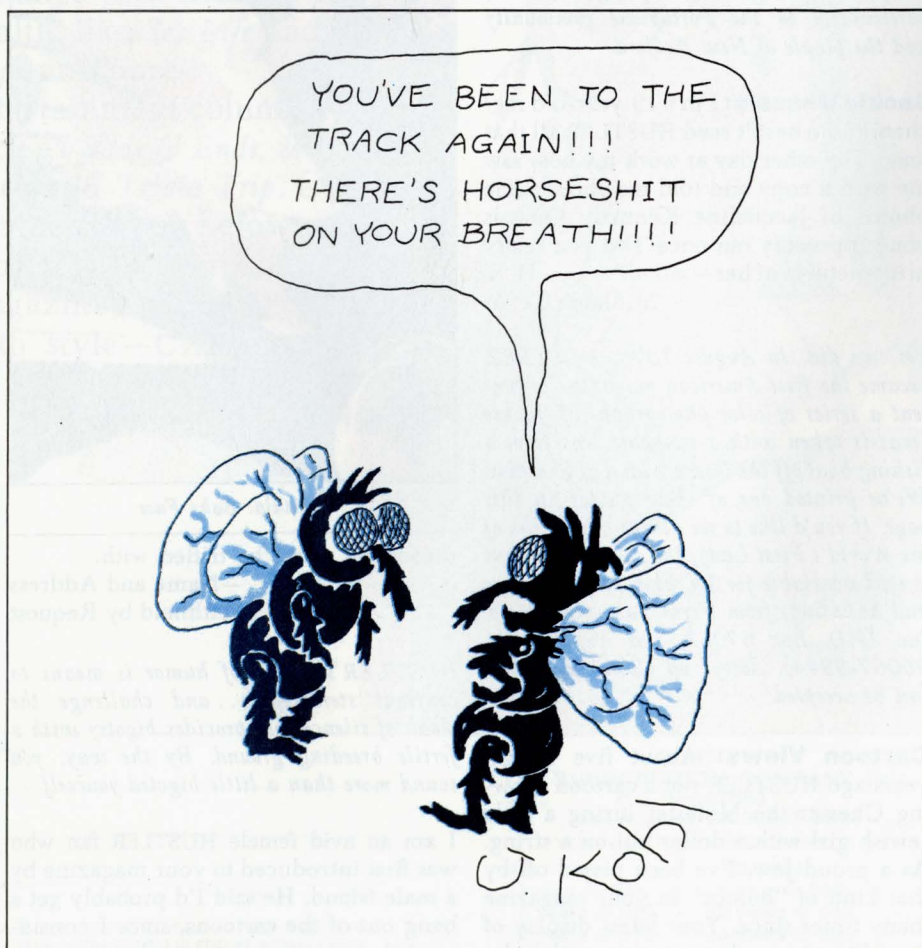
Judging from the big red X on the cover, I'm *sure* there were those who expected page after page of hard-core porn. This is ironical, because while many consider *HUSTLER's* sexual and satirical content to be X-rated, the real obscenity lies in the minds of those like Tim O'Hara.

I strongly disagree with Mr. O'Hara's beliefs. However, by providing a forum for radical and unpopular views such as his, *HUSTLER* is doing its readers a twofold service: protecting their First Amendment rights and allowing them to form their own opinions, based on the facts, regarding controversial topics such as this.

—B. Sullivan
Crestwood, Illinois

Way to go, *HUSTLER*, for printing the August interview with Tim O'Hara. Getting the facts about organizations such as the Rene Guyon Society that advocate sex with minors is the first step in protecting our children from these monsters.

Ben Pesta did an excellent job interviewing O'Hara. While Ben confronted him with carefully researched data, O'Hara offered no factual evidence to





"Then, just as you're maturing, they cut you down
and make paper products out of you. . . ."

HUSTLER has made me aware of so many issues, such as AIDS and herpes, the Rene Guyon Society and the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA). I know I would never have gotten the straight story on these topics if it weren't for you.

—M. J. T.

It seems to me that the August interview with Tim O'Hara was an attempt to focus needed attention on the problem of sexual abuse of children. Well, it worked—but then you goofed. Later in the same issue you featured a pictorial of a beautiful blonde (*Cynthia: Baby Face*), capitalizing on her childish features. I suppose you were trying to appeal to those sick individuals who lust after young children. You should have been more careful in placing two contradictory items in the same issue. —S. Richards

Sandi Freeman: I have been reading HUSTLER for eight years, and each year it gets better. Your articles are always interesting and educational, and your car-

toons are the greatest. I especially like the *Asshole of the Month* column. You don't care who it is; if someone's an asshole, you let him know it. I agree that Sandi Freeman, your August Asshole, is totally unprofessional. Why anyone would allow her to do interviews is beyond me.

Larry Flynt & HUSTLER: I am a devoted HUSTLER fan. You have it hands-down over those other chickenshit magazines like *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Oui*. Everytime I think of Larry Flynt having to take a bullet on behalf of that no-good, rotten son of a bitch Hugh Hefner, it makes me sick! I suppose that I wouldn't feel so prejudiced against *Playboy* if its fake messiah would only stand up for himself and those plastic cunts he calls "models."

I'm impressed. There are very, very few people in our society whom I can say I admire and respect. Larry Flynt is one of them. But, Mr. Flynt, be careful. Your views on the Judeo-Christian ethic (*Interview: Larry Flynt*, July) have put you on the hit list of every fanatic from

Your work, and that of your magazine, is much needed in the world. My hat's off to you.

—John Hunter

One question's been on my mind since I first started reading magazines like HUSTLER. I like these magazines. Others find them enjoyable. We don't force anybody to read them against their will; so why do they try to force us *not* to read them?


It's nice to know that when I feel like reading straight talk and seeing beautiful women, I can just drop by the store and select whichever magazine I choose to. I say the hell with banning HUSTLER. Ban the suckers who are trying to ban our *freedom!*
—Mrs. Bustillos

Pictorial Suggestions: On the cover of HUSTLER you say that your magazine is "For the Rest of the World." How about making it for *all* the rest of it by including more male/female pictorials for us girls? And I'd like to see more layouts of couples really getting into it—*literally!*

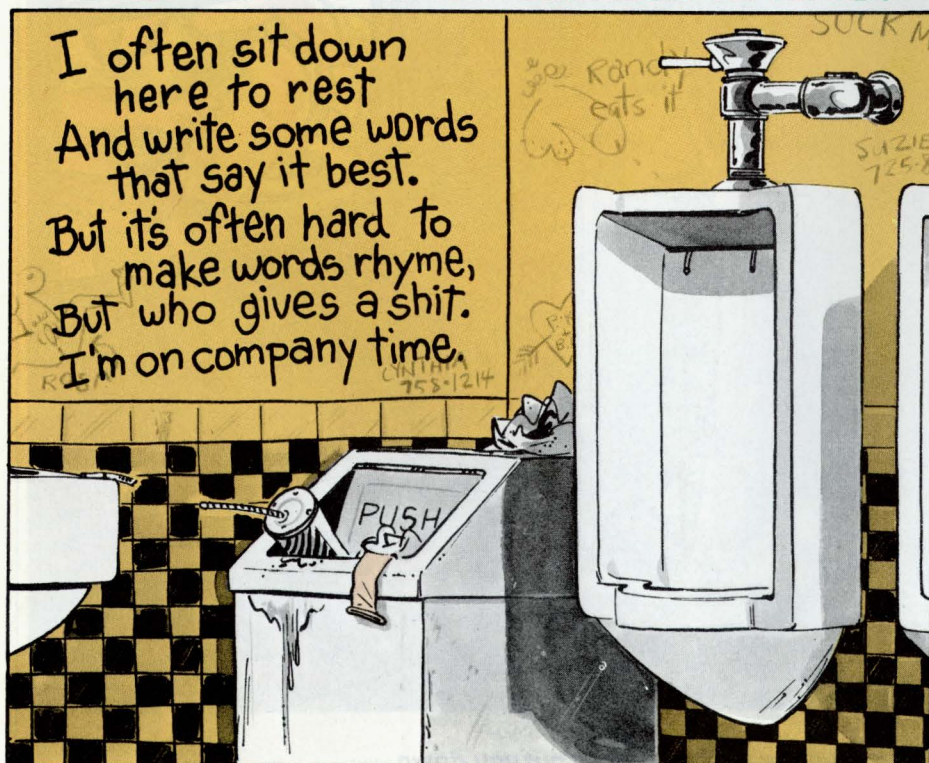
That's exactly what we intend to do. For starters, check out the photo-set Tropical Heat in this issue (pages 88-95).

You have the best men's magazine on the market, and a layout along these lines would make it even better. —Clint Taylor
Burke, Virginia

Honey Fan: As a big fan of HUSTLER's cartoon feature, *Honey*, I'd like to know if you have a volume containing a collection of her colorful exploits.

Because of countless requests like yours, we've put many of Honey's hottest capers into a new collection titled The Erotic Adventures of Honey. Just \$3.95, it's now available at newsstands everywhere, or by mail from Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). To cover the cost of postage and handling, include \$1 for a single copy or \$2 for multiple orders. (Sorry, Canadian orders can't be accepted.) 

GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and \$25 to B.O., Goddard, KS

Sex News Bits

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

Researchers in California and Massachusetts have discovered that monkeys are contracting their own form of the killer disease AIDS. Calling it SAIDS--for Simian (ape) Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome--the researchers think the monkey illness may be a natural animal model for the lethal human malady that's spread by sexual contact, predominantly among gay men. While little is known as yet about the monkey disease, scientists on the SAIDS trail have found that the animals perform the same sex acts as humans. Those acts include coprophilia (being shit on), urolagnia (being peed on), ass-fucking, oral-genital sex and homosexuality.

Five men between the ages of 60 and 86 were found guilty of "whooping it up" with underage girls in Quebec, Canada. The oldest, Willy Flamsberry, was convicted on three counts of indecent assault and two counts of sexual intercourse with a person under 14. According to court records, the young girls willingly traded their sexual favors for beer, money and cigarettes. The judge decided to suspend the sentences, advising the old men: "The younger generation looks up to its elders, and it's up to them to set an example."

In Honolulu, Hawaii, nearly 50 would-be spectators were turned away from an already-packed courtroom where several X-rated films were to be screened. Circuit Court Judge Bertram Kanbara drew the overflow crowd during a hearing to decide whether the films were obscene enough to be prosecuted.

It may soon be possible for two gay men to father a child together. Lab research on the splitting of cow embryos has shown that it's possible to replace the "mother's" egg cell with a sperm cell taken from the second male. After the two sperm cells are joined, the embryo is placed in a host mother for the gestation (pregnancy) period. The baby that results, however, is the genetic product of two fathers.

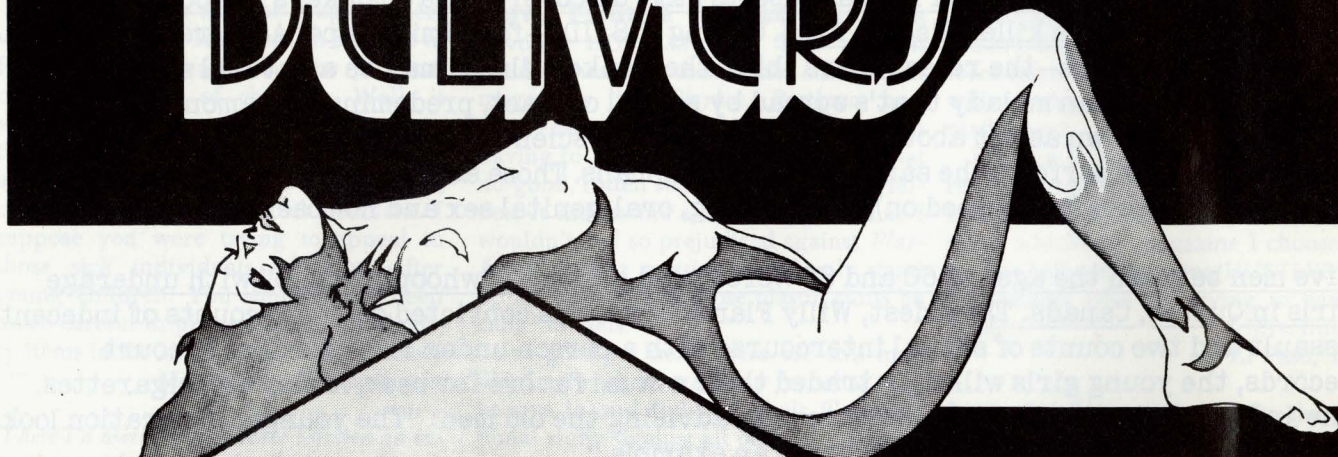
Commercials for prostitution are now being shown on television in Amsterdam, Holland. The hookers are offered through sex-club advertisements on a state-owned channel that reports on local sex shops and legalized prostitution. More than 7,000 viewers can tune in and find the whores displayed along with other sexual attractions in this unusual video shopping catalog.

Women can't seem to get a fair shake these days--even in the world of organized crime. A sociologist at Pennsylvania State University reports that females have little chance of advancement in the male-dominated crime syndicates. According to Darrell Steffensemeier, women are usually forced to stick to lower-status crimes like petty theft. Male criminals avoid having women in their gangs because of sexism--including the fear that they'd lose esteem with their underworld peers.

People who've lost their teeth still have a taste for sex. That was the finding of a recent survey of more than 200 men and women between the ages of 80 and 102. The results showed that one-third of the oldsters still enjoy performing fellatio and cunnilingus. And 47% said they regularly engage in sexual intercourse.

Sheriff's deputies in Phoenix, Arizona, can continue paying citizens to buy sex in massage parlors that lawmen want to close down. In a controversial case involving two civilians who used \$2,000 of deputy-provided money to purchase sex in 63 massage parlors, the Arizona Court of Appeals ruled that it's legal for law officers to fund civilians who will become informers against the sex businesses. 🍌

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Lee David

Two's a Treat: I've often fantasized about watching two women make love to each other. Lately, this fantasy has been on my mind constantly, and I'd like to make it happen in real life. I especially want to include my girlfriend as one of the participants, but I'm afraid she's too straight to go for it. Since you're the experts, how do I go about arranging something like this?

—L. D.
Denver, Colorado

Nothing's a hundred-percent certain when it comes to human sexuality, but we do have a couple of suggestions. First, approach the subject with your girlfriend offhandedly, maybe in a casual discussion with her about your sexual fantasies and hers. If it's clear she'd never consider having sex with another woman, it's probably useless to press the issue. On the other hand, your girl just might surprise you, needing only a little encouragement to bring her true desires out in the open. If that's the case, you can both decide how best to lure another chick to your bed. Best of luck with your plan. If it works out, can we come watch too?

Swap Meet: My wife and I have a real good sex life. We'll do and try anything with each other. Now we'd like to include more people in our sessions. We're a little nervous, though, about asking folks we already know to join us. How can we get hold of others who'd like to swap partners? What do we look for? And how do we make sure this stays good, clean fun—that we don't find ourselves with some weirdos?

—M. J.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The best way to find others who like to swap is through classified advertisements that other swingers put in magazines and newspapers. Start with HUSTLER's sister publication GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, which is available at newsstands everywhere, or by mail for \$33 a year from Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION has a complete section of classifieds, arranged state by state.

You'll also find an extensive listing of peo-

ple who like to swap in a quarterly magazine called The Seekers (P.O. Box 5100, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034). Local newspapers, especially weeklies, often carry swingers ads. And in some areas a swingers meeting-spot will be listed in the Yellow Pages under a euphemism like "Friendship Club."

Classifieds for swingers are like any other ads, with their own abbreviations for sexual terms and descriptions. You can find a comprehensive glossary of swingers terms in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION. By knowing what you're reading, you'll know what you'll be getting.

Most of the people listed are just like you and your wife—simply looking for a good time. As for getting the short end of the stick with a sexual wacko, just be careful. If something sounds strange in the ad, it probably means it is.

Loose Change: You've got to help me with a real touchy problem. When my wife gave birth to our baby boy 11 months ago, she lost the nice, tight cunt I'd prized through the first four years of our marriage. Ever since, sex has been less satisfying for me because her pussy can't grip my cock like it used to. Naturally, I don't want to say anything that would upset her or hurt her feelings. But I'm still bothered about this, and I

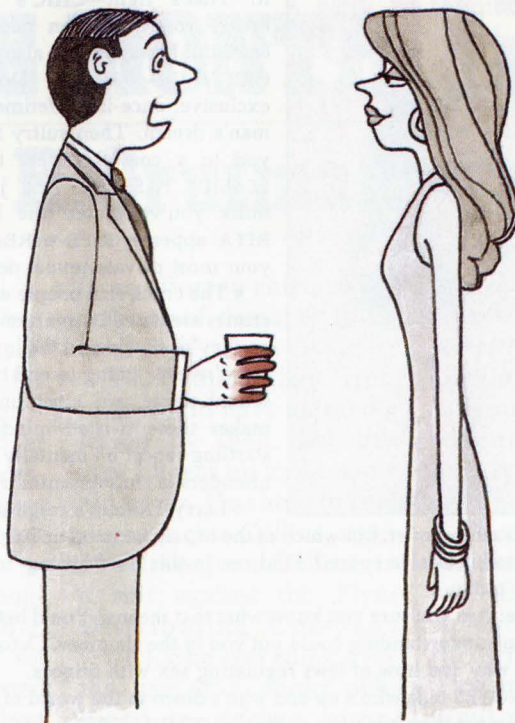
know she knows I'm less interested in sex these days. For both our sakes, is there any way I can get her tightened up?

—O. N.
Seattle, Washington

If you think cunt size is important, then for you it is. And since there is something your wife can do to tighten up, you've got to first sit down with her and tell her honestly how you feel.

The "something" she can do is a series of exercises called "Kegels," named for the doctor who developed them. These exercises, which were originally conceived to help women who had trouble controlling their bladders, involve the muscles that are contracted to prevent urination—the pubococcygeal, or PC, muscles. Have your wife squeeze down on those muscles for a count of three. Then she can relax for another three-count and contract again for another three. Have her repeat this routine at least ten times in a row. If she does it two or three times a day, her pussy should begin to tighten up in less than two months.

To check her progress, she can insert a finger in her vagina to see if the muscle tone has improved. Better yet, make that your dick instead of her digit! And since ego-stroking makes anybody feel better, don't forget to reassure her that she feels tighter too.



D. GUSTAFSON

"How'd you guess I was a proctologist?"

Chocolate Lollipop: My girlfriend has always been a little shy about sex, and sometimes unwilling to experiment with new positions and activities. It took a little prodding, but I finally convinced her to take it in the butt. Hardly a session of lovemaking goes by without her giving me the backdoor password.

The problem *now* is that when I'm finished in the rear, she refuses to suck me off. She says I should wash first after being in her ass. But dammit—washing stops the action! I need those moist lips to get me stiff right away so the fun can continue. Any ideas on how I can get her to take me in her mouth after I've visited her rear passage?

—R. J.
Billings, Montana

Well, you could grab her by the hair and force the issue . . . but too many episodes like that, and she might up and leave for Butte. What's called for instead is a little honest consideration here. Put yourself in your girlfriend's place for a second. Then think hard about what you're asking her to do. Come on, now—a washcloth, a bar of soap and a bowl of water near the bedside ain't all that much to ask, is it? And she'll probably suck even better knowing you're clean.

Bloody Bother: My girlfriend loves it when I eat her pussy. In fact, she loves it

so much, she even wants me to eat her when she's on her period. (She's especially horny then.) I enjoy licking her till she reaches orgasm, but *not* when she's menstruating.

When I tell her that, she calls me selfish and says there's nothing wrong with a little menstrual blood. Is there anything I can do to make the "red tide" seem less repulsive?

—J. M.
Knoxville, Tennessee

When it comes to sex, people shouldn't feel they have to do anything they honestly don't want to. But have you really given your girlfriend's request a fair shake? Actually, she's right. In women who are otherwise healthy, menstrual fluid contains no germs, and it's harmless to ingest. What's really repulsive to you? The color, the smell or the taste? If it's color, close your eyes. For taste and smell, try plugging your nose and breathing through your mouth. (The nose plays a big role in our ability to distinguish tastes.) If nothing works, you may have to explain that when she's menstruating, you'd rather not engage in cunnilingus. But remember: If you go the extra step to please your lady when she's exceptionally horny, she'll be more likely to turn around and do the same for you.

Cheese Head: You have a great maga-

zine. My boyfriend and I look at it together and end up imitating the action on your pages with action in our bedroom. My question: Occasionally when I go down on him, I find some milky white gunk on his cock.

It's not a pleasant experience—in fact, it's downright disgusting. What is this stuff? My boyfriend calls it "head cheese" and says that it's harmless.

—H. C.
Madison, Wisconsin

Head cheese, correctly known as smegma, is the buildup of a natural secretion that accumulates under the foreskin of uncircumcised penises. The buildup of this cheesy, white substance can be avoided by pulling back the foreskin and washing the area daily. Also known as "duck butter," smegma can lead to irritation, infection and offensive odor if it's not washed away on a regular basis.

While women don't develop the same thing exactly, it's also important for them to wash frequently to remove other glandular secretions that can occur in the genital area.

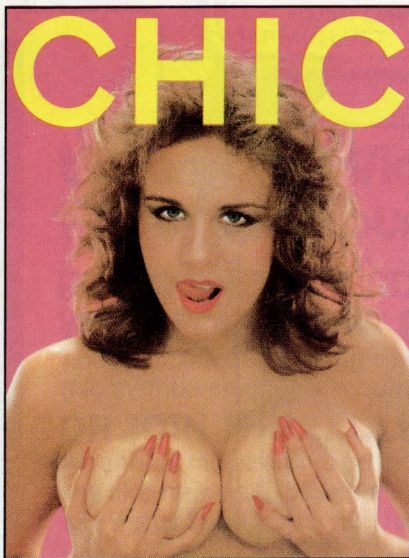
A daily washing is a good idea for both sexes—and it can lead to lots of sexual fun if done together.

39 and Holding: I have a problem with my mother-in-law. But it's not what you think. My problem is she's still a knockout at the age of 39, and I can't help getting a raging hard-on everytime I see her! Sometimes when I'm fucking my wife, I'm fantasizing about doing it with her mom. I'm not sure, but I think my wife's mother has been sending out signals like she's interested in me too. I haven't mentioned this to anybody yet, but it's becoming an obsession. How can I set it up to sleep with my mother-in-law?

—G. C.
Prescott, Arkansas

Since you're the one who wants to sleep with her, you should be the one who does the asking . . . if that's what you decide to do. But keep in mind that this is a very tricky situation. Just mentioning it could lead to all kinds of fireworks. Before doing anything, consider the consequences carefully. Are you sure your mother-in-law isn't just flirting in an innocent way? If you did propose an affair, would she be stable enough to handle it emotionally?

*And more important, how would your wife feel about you and her mom getting it on? Sex that's "all in the family" can be so hazardous to everyone's mental health, this is one opportunity we'd personally pass up. But if you think it's worth the risk and can handle the consequences, go ahead. And send us a *Kinky Korner* manuscript so we'll all know what happens.*



★ They said it couldn't be done, but we did it! That's right—CHIC's October issue brings you wide-open nude photos of a beautiful blonde who's also a MEDICALLY CERTIFIED VIRGIN! Don't miss this exclusive, once-in-a-lifetime look at every man's dream. Then sultry SHANA invites you to a coastal retreat to share some SEASIDE PASSION. And just when you think you've gotten the hottest, lovely RITA appears, RIPE & READY to satisfy your most private sexual desire.

★ The cruel, sick people who commit sex crimes are hated by everyone. Even in prison they're considered the lowest of the low. If we're ever going to end the epidemic of sexual abuse, we must understand what makes these twisted minds tick. CHIC's startling report on mentally disordered sex offenders is truly essential reading.

★ Larry Holmes's reign as heavyweight boxing champion is almost over, but which of the top six contenders has what it takes to win the most coveted crown in sports? Find out in this hard-hitting, insider's look at tomorrow's champ today.

★ Statutory Rape: Are you sure you know what that means? You'd better be, because even the slightest misunderstanding could put you in the slammer. October's SEX LIFE explains the what, why and how of laws regulating sex with minors.

★ Plus, MUSIC NOTES tells who's up and who's down in the world of sound; CHIC's erotic fiction raises more than just your eyebrows; TRIVIA TRIP teases you with tidbits of astounding fact; and ODDS & ENDS gives you a zany perspective on a zany world.

OCTOBER CHIC ON SALE NOW!

Bits & Pieces

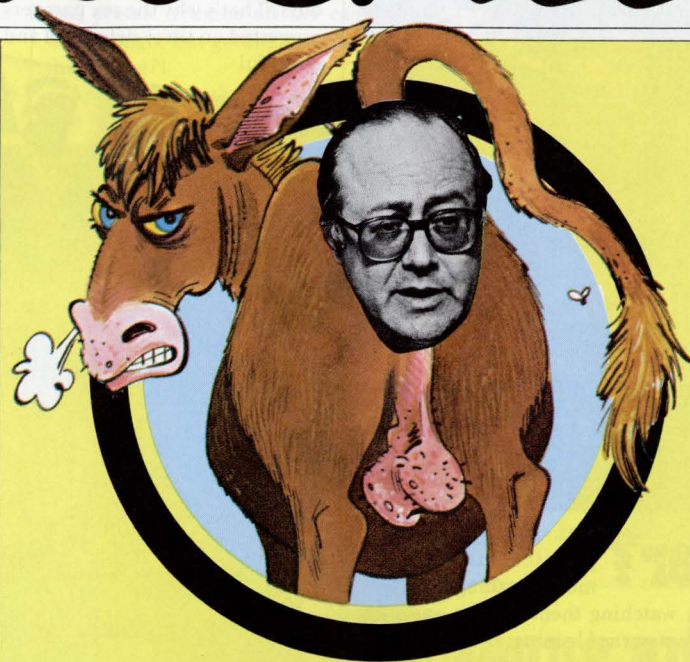
The following is an editorial opinion:

In its ten years of publishing, HUSTLER has "honored" 100 people as Asshole of the Month. But not one of them has been more deserving than this month's, Norman Roy Grutman. His only claim to fame is that he's the attorney for porn publisher Bob Guccione of *Penthouse*.

In the courtroom, Grutman comes over like a cross between Clarence Darrow and Liberace. He's a big, burly turd whose specialty is appealing to the prejudices of jurors. But in virtually every significant case we studied that Grutman has been involved in, we found that he succeeded only in screwing things up for everybody, including his clients.

There are so many cases of Grutman's outrageous abuse of the judicial process—many of which we've witnessed personally—that it's hard to decide where to begin.

One famous case was the multimillion-dollar libel suit that the Rancho La Costa country club in California brought against *Penthouse* for an article in which the La Costa owners were said to be involved in organized crime. Because of Grutman's courtroom antics, a *Penthouse* victory over two individuals in that case was thrown out by the trial court. But don't just take *our* word for it. Here's how the court described his behavior: "Norman Roy Grutman flagrantly and deliberately



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Norman R. Grutman

misconducted [himself]."

His first time up against HUSTLER was Bob Guccione's multimillion-dollar libel suit involving a parody we ran poking fun at Mr. Guccione's use of Vaseline on his camera lenses to get soft-focus nude photos for *Penthouse*.

Again, Grutman's conduct was so deplorable, the jury verdict was set aside. The court summed up Grutman's behavior best when it said that "throughout the trial [he] attempted to appeal to the passion and prejudices of the jury

in an effort to enhance the amount of damages to be awarded."

You'd think that Grutman would have learned a lesson by then, but this year he was up to the same old tricks. He chose to represent Jackie Collins, sister of actress Joan Collins, in a suit against the Flynt Distributing Company (FDC). She was suing over the use of a photo published in *Adelina* magazine, one of the hundreds of titles FDC has handled.

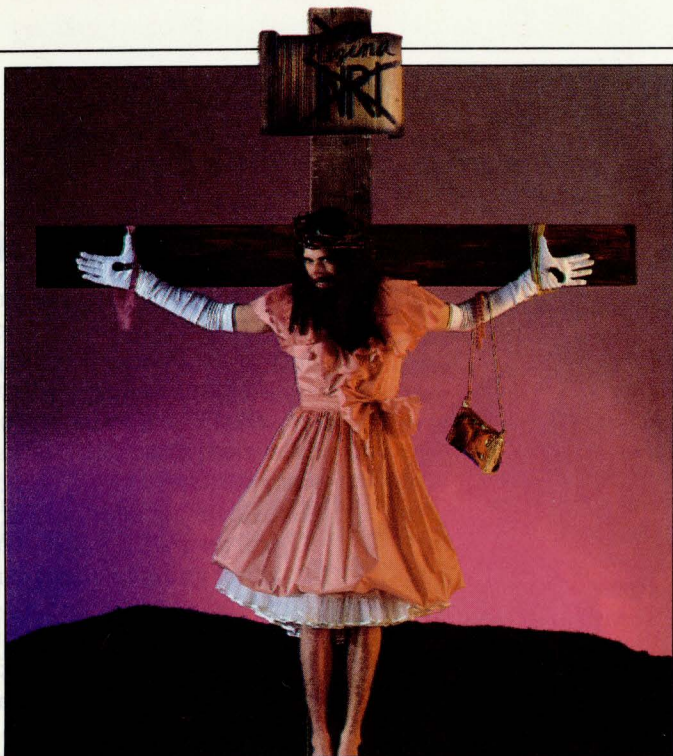
Being familiar with Grutman's tactics, we

asked the trial judge in the very beginning to restrain him from biasing the jury by mentioning Larry Flynt or HUSTLER Magazine. The case, after all, was *totally unrelated* to HUSTLER. Grutman agreed, saying, "I will assure the court that I am not going to engender any kind of negative reaction toward the defendant in this case by referring to the name Larry Flynt or HUSTLER."

But sure enough, during his final argument, Grutman turned the whole case toward Larry Flynt, mentioning his name many times. He told the jury about a \$40-million verdict he got against HUSTLER (not mentioning that it was overturned) and said, "Larry Flynt has thumbed his nose at the world, and if you don't impose appropriate punitive damages, he will laugh at you and do it again."

Unbelievably, he was trying to convince the jury that Larry Flynt was responsible for a photograph that appeared in a magazine whose contents were *completely out of his control*. Grutman's tactics were so inflammatory, the jurors returned a verdict \$35 million higher than the \$5 million he asked them for.

There were lots of other judicial atrocities in that case. Each of them is sufficient to get the case thrown out on appeal. That means Norman Roy Grutman has screwed things up *again*—for his own client and for *everyone* who cares about honest justice in America's courts.

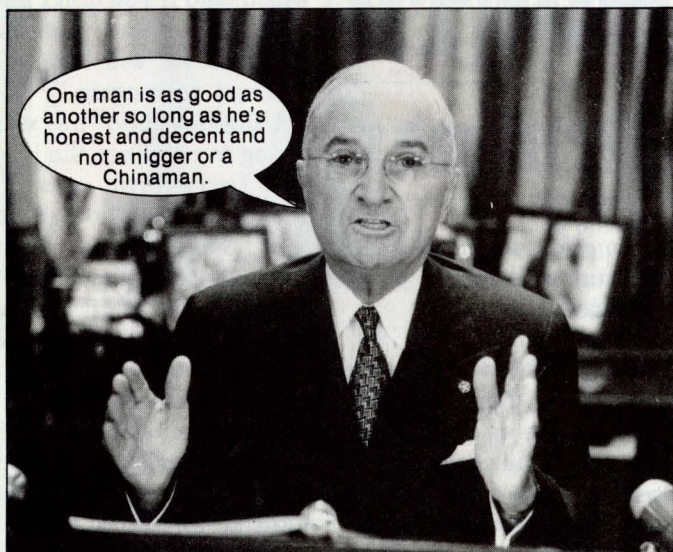


Cross-Dresser?

Was Christ *sexually interested in men*? According to Gary Michael, a graduate of the University of Chicago Divinity School, evidence in the New Testament supports the argument that He might have been gay. Michael cites Christ's avoidance of contact with women and his preference for male disciples as exam-

ples. Also, he sees His physical interest in men—washing their feet, watching them disrobe—as a homosexual leaning.

Does this mean that Joseph and Mary wanted a daughter? Does this mean Christ wanted to be “queen” of the Jews? It doesn't matter, because Christians will never buy the idea. “He bent over for your sins” doesn't have the right ring to it.



Give 'Em Hell, Harry

Many of the things we do in *Bits & Pieces* are put-ons. But this is no joke! President Harry S. Truman was known for his bluntness. When Harry had something on his mind, he told you. And apparently, racism was on his mind

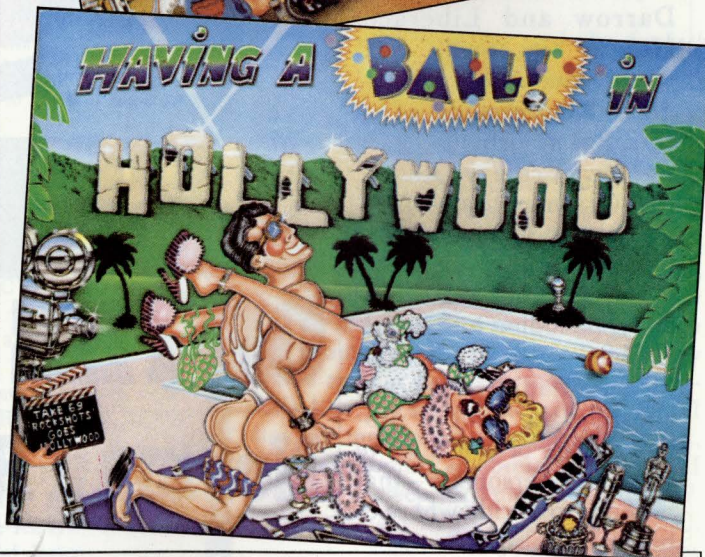
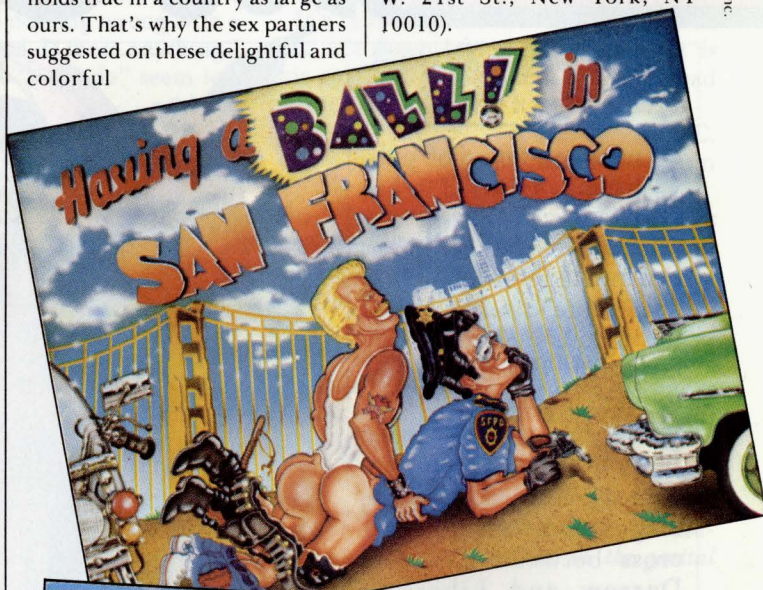
when he wrote these words, which appeared in one of the numerous letters recently released by his widow's estate.

Considering his private opinions, it's a good thing Harry didn't drop the Bomb on Harlem.

Tail of Two Cities

“When in Rome, do as the Romans do” is a philosophy that certainly holds true in a country as large as ours. That's why the sex partners suggested on these delightful and colorful

greeting cards by Dana Ventura make so much sense, depending, of course, on your personal preferences. These novelties are available at your local card or gift shop (90¢ each from Rockshots Inc., 51 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010).



All That Glitters Is Not Gold

Flash a little silver, and you'll get anybody's attention. But it'll take more than a few silver dollars.

This reader-submitted photo shows how much. If you think this looks hot, imagine the turpentine massage afterward.



Light Beer, Light Piss

Every beer-drinker from Archie Bunker to the Miller Lite beer brigade knows that you don't buy brew; you just rent the stuff. But the light-beer craze is eventually going to lead bladder relief into a whole new direction—straight up in the air.

As brewers continue to produce lighter and lighter beer, it's only a

matter of time until sloppy guzzling in front of the television turns into a new cleanup problem for the little woman of the house. Vacuuming potato-chip and pretzel crumbs off the carpet is bad enough, but getting piss-stains off the ceiling?!

And she thought it was bad when you just missed the bowl!



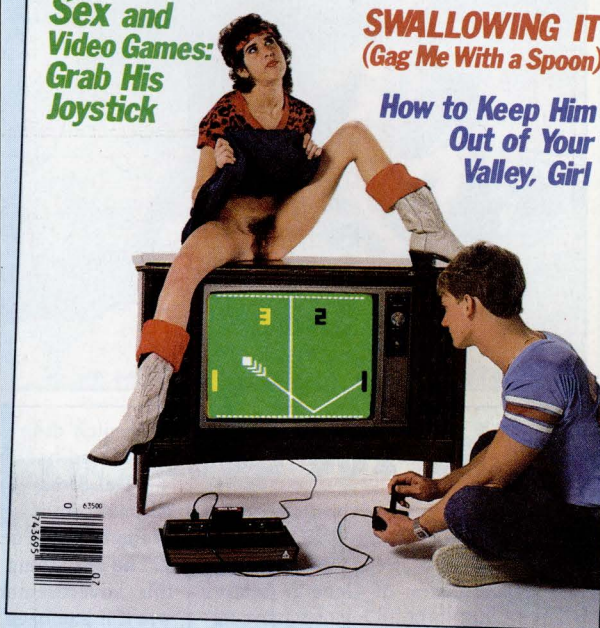
YOUNG AMERICA'S FAVORITE SEX MAGAZINE \$1.25

sixteen

Sex and Video Games: Grab His Joystick

SWALLOWING IT
(Gag Me With a Spoon)

How to Keep Him Out of Your Valley, Girl



Young and Dressless

What do teenagers think about most? Politics? Uh-uh. School? Get serious! TV? No, the answer is sex. It's been that way since the first girl stuffed fig leaves into her mammothskin bra. The only difference today is that everything is more out in the open. Magazines aimed at teenage girls are even running articles on such subjects as "What It's Like to Lose Your Virginity."

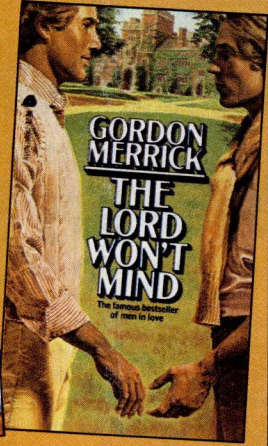
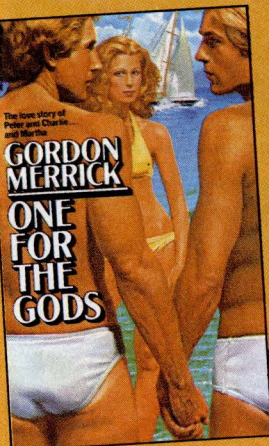
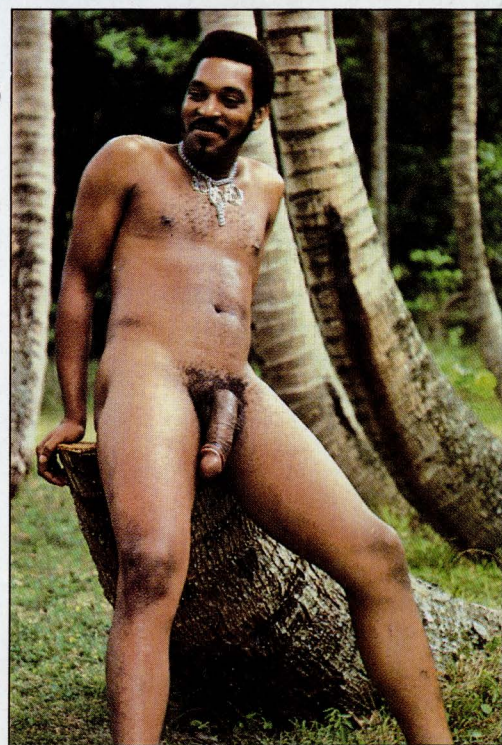
But will any publisher take the next bold step—a sex magazine for teens? The market's probably not quite ripe yet.

Can You Match This?

Ever since Butch appeared in our December 1975 issue, we've been looking for a man who could match or surpass his cock size. But maybe we've been looking in the wrong places. For this reason we're making an offer to our readers:

We'll give \$5,000, plus the chance to pair up with a HUSTLER Honey in an upcoming pictorial, to the guy with a bigger dick than Butch's. We'll even pay your travel expenses. So get out that extra-wide lens, take a snapshot of yourself in the raw and send it to *Bits & Pieces*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

And one more thing: No porn stars, please. We're looking for new faces, not old sausages.



Harlequeer Romances?

These Avon Books paperbacks are the "males only" counterparts to those syrupy books that clog up supermarket checkout counters. And if they catch on, you'll see them in bookstores nationwide. We hope they don't put them on the bottom shelf though. Any-one bending over for one could be in for a surprise.

Gay magazines, gay bars, AIDS and now Harlequin Romance-style novels for homosexuals.



Topless at the Beach

Ever sit around at the beach just *hoping* that some liberated woman would walk by topless? Well, we took our cameras to the local sand spot, and we found one—but we didn't expect her top to be *liberated* from her bottom! Somewhere between *Beach Blanket Bingo* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, this woman has taken the need for a two-piece bathing suit too far! Everyone likes a little T&A . . . but it's much better when the *T* and *A* are in the same place at the same time.

Spoke Too Soon

No, this isn't one of our outrageous ad parodies. This is for real. The ad copy begins, "John DeLorean was on the way to the presidency of General Motors when he quit to build his own car company." What the distillers of Cutty Sark

scotch didn't know when they ran this ad back in 1981 was that John DeLorean was also on his way to total bankruptcy and involvement in one of the biggest cocaine busts in history.

The only thing that could have made this advertisement even more ironic was if it had been produced by a certain cola bottler.

ONE OUT OF EVERY 100 NEW BUSINESSES SUCCEEDS.
HERE'S TO THOSE WHO TAKE THE ODDS.



John DeLorean was on the way to the presidency of General Motors when he quit to build his own car company. In his 17 years with GM he helped quadruple Pontiac sales, built Chevrolet into a 3-million seller and was awarded 45 automotive patents. While his bosses railed at him for wearing his hair too long.

Now his stainless steel DeLorean Sports Car is here. Designed to last 20 years rust-free. And the first year's production is sold-out.

John DeLorean anticipates the needs and wants of car buyers. He does no less for the scotch drinkers he invites home. That's why he selects and serves the impeccably smooth Cutty Sark.

The Scotch with a following of leaders.
CUTTY SARK



Copyright © Brazen Images

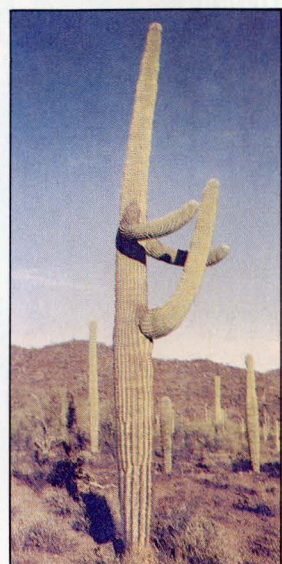
You Light Up My Wife

At least Jack jumped *over* the candlestick in Mother Goose. The lady on this bizarre birthday card from Brazen Images (50 W. 86th St., B-1, New York, NY 10024) is only going to get a *goose* that hurts like a *mother*! It just goes to show you how much of a pain in the ass being prudish can be.

Bone Dry

It gets mighty lonely out in the desert. A cactus can't just pick itself up and head for the nearest disco. Male and female cacti have no way to get together. And that leads to only one thing—self-abuse.

Thanks to the sharp-eyed reader who caught this cactus in the actus along the Mexican border, we can make America aware of this growing problem. Remember, even with thousands of pricks a cactus never has a nice day.

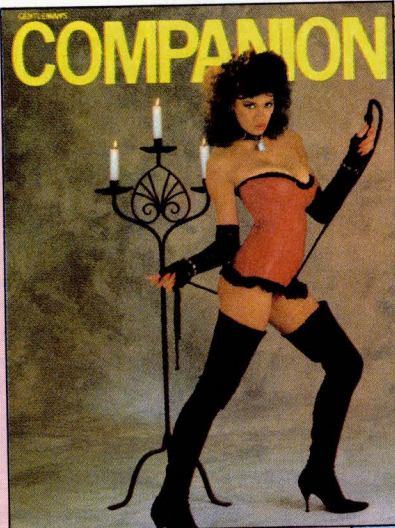


A Milestone Revisited

In February 1975—before the Brooke Shieldses, Tatum O'Neals and Jodie Fosters made their mark on the American male psyche—HUSTLER published *An Adolescent Fantasy*, a photo-layout that featured an older man spending time with the nymphet of his dreams.

Although the girl model was of legal age, it was a landmark in opening up frank and honest dialogue about a common male fantasy. It was also HUSTLER's most sensational and controversial pictorial, with the possible exception of our famous black stud/white girl feature titled *Butch: A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach*.

If you missed *Adolescent Fantasy*, the entire pictorial is being reprinted in the October issue



of GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, our sister publication that goes on sale in early September. It may startle you, it may educate you... but we can guarantee that no other major men's magazine has ever delved so far into a subject so widely regarded by the general public as "untouchable."



Stevie Wonder's Favorite Sex Fantasy



On the Tip of Her Tongue

The old gray dyke just ain't what she used to be. Keeping up with today's young lesbians on the go is a tougher and tougher assignment.

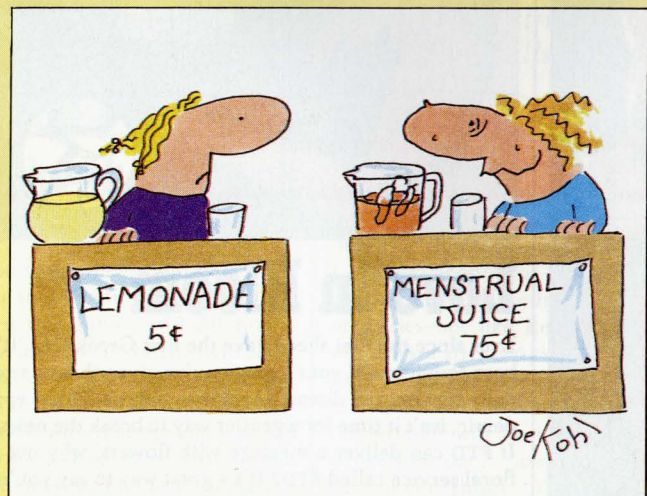
Attending feminist rallies, intimidating men, getting drunk with the girls, picketing the editorial offices of men's maga-

zines... all of these strenuous activities can rob an old butch of important vitamins, minerals and other nutrients.

That's why mature lesbians need a product like the one we've created here, called One A Dyke.

Of course, none of the major vitamin manufacturers will ever produce something this revolutionary, but the need is still there. Just one tablet daily would be enough to keep a bull from becoming just another cow.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



I take
ONE A DYKE ...for her





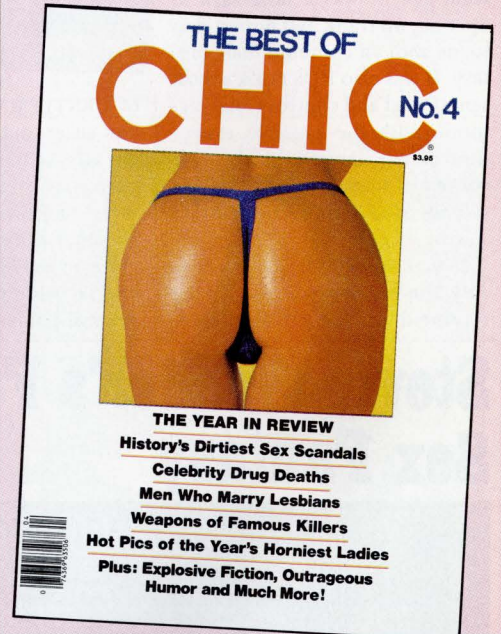
"If you can hold up *your* end of a high-technology job like these two, you can work again!"



Totally Awesome

If you're a regular fan of our sister publication CHIC, this isn't being written for you. You probably have a copy of THE BEST OF CHIC NUMBER 4. But if you've never checked out the magazine that does it with class, here's your chance. BEST OF CHIC contains fantastic articles, breathtaking women and unique humor from the perfect complement to earthy HUSTLER. Get a *well-rounded* view of the world by picking up a copy at your newsstand, or send \$3.95 (plus \$1 for postage and handling) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

You're bound to be hooked on CHIC forever!



Back on the Job

It's easy for President Reagan to keep telling the thousands of unemployed blue-collar workers to retrain for the growing number of high-technology jobs. But many, if not most, of these people have no education beyond junior high school. Does he

think they're capable of learning the complexities of the computer sciences? They can't even beat their own kids at Space Invader! Or maybe the President's talking about all of the *unskilled* computer jobs available. Our ad above gives you an idea what sort of work that includes. Ronnie probably believes a strong back is a terrible thing to waste.

Fish Tale

Once our research staff decided to fish around for the reason women's crotches smell like they do, we knew they wouldn't come up empty. But holy mackerel—look at that bucket! There weren't that many fish left in the *famous* Love Canal! Our colleagues put their noses to the grindstone, but better the grindstone than between that girl's legs.



Love in Bloom

Ever since the first sheep gave the first Greek clap, it's been tough to tell your lovers you've given them a sexually transmitted disease. And with today's herpes epidemic, isn't it time for a gentler way to break the news? If STD can deliver a message with flowers, why not a floral service called STD? It's a great way to say you're sorry for giving someone herpes.

We'll Pay \$10,000 for a Virgin!

We've just seen a copy of the October issue of our sister publication CHIC—which is on sale now—and it features a pictorial of a *medically certified virgin*. That's correct. CHIC did a full nude photo-layout with a girl (right) who's never had a man between her legs, much less a camera lens. And we're jealous!

Anything CHIC can do we can do even better. So we're offering \$10,000 if you're the virgin we choose to pose in what promises to be HUSTLER's most lavish photo-session ever! If you're a virgin, or if you know one who's willing to pose for our photographers, drop a line to *Bits & Pieces*, HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

If you saved yourself for the right man, we can make it worth the wait!

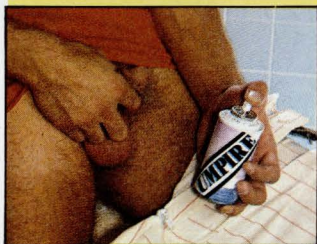
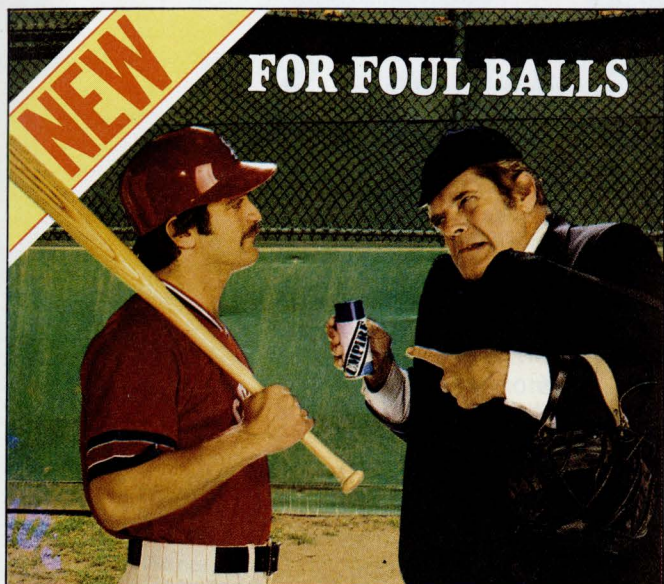
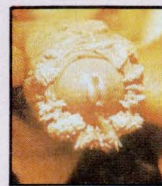


HUSTLER Update

UPDATED
GUIDE TO VD
October '82

In this comprehensive report on sexually transmitted diseases, HUSTLER called attention to venereal warts—virus-induced growths that show up on the penis, anus and female genitals. Recently, federal researchers revealed that this condition may be even more widespread than genital herpes.

Reports using the most recent statistics indicate that nearly a million Americans sought a private doctor's care for treatment of venereal warts, compared to the 295,000 victims who visited their physicians when they came down with genital herpes. Unfortunately, while venereal warts may be temporarily arrested, no specific treatment is yet available to prevent later outbreaks.

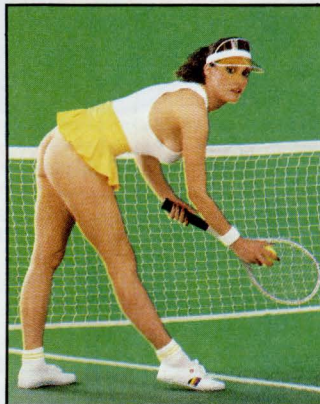


At last, a male hygiene spray that guarantees you'll never get sent to the showers. Help strike out against foul balls today with UMPIRE. 10-oz. size only \$1.29.

Take the Stench Off the Bench

You've just hit a grand-slam home run in the bottom of the ninth to win the game, and 30 horny women rush out on the field to get next to the star of the game. But suddenly they notice you're afflicted with that age-old baseball problem—foul balls. Faster than you can yell "Phone me at the hotel," the ladies are gone. But wait—

help is on the way. Now you don't have to worry about sliding into home plate and grossing everybody out. Yup—one quick spurt of UMPIRE deodorant will make your crotch smell fresh as a bunch of daisies—not like Reggie Jackson's locker after two extra-inning games on a sweltering afternoon in August. After you use UMPIRE, the women will be begging to stroke your bat... and your fans will never shout "You stink" again.



What a Racket!

This is a tennis hustler if we've ever seen one. And a big improvement over Bobby Riggs, we might add.

This lady's exposing a court advantage that could easily destroy an opponent's concentration—if not induce a coronary. Even quiet guys like Ilie Nastase and John McEnroe would complain to the umpire.

Serving buns is okay at dinner-time but not during a tennis match. If this gal isn't careful, someone could sneak up to the net and surprise her with a strong backhand.

THE NEW
VIETNAM
July '81

The deaths in Honduras of an American reporter and a photographer brought to 12 the number of foreign journalists killed while covering Central American civil wars during the past five years.

Among that courageous dozen, of course, is HUSTLER correspondent John Sullivan—whose mutilated remains were found buried alongside a Salvadoran roadside earlier this year. Sullivan's sister, Donna Igoe, keeps his memory alive by speaking out at public gatherings to denounce our country's intervention in El Salvador.

"John left a legacy for all journalists," she said recently. "Search for the truth, speak out against oppression—but be prepared for the ultimate sacrifice."



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for *Bits & Pieces* items (or \$50 if two or more submissions are used in one B&P item). Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For October, \$150 goes to R. T. Edwards and Andrew Hampe.

I'M A HUSTLER

HUSTLER Survey

Our Advertising Department asked us, "What are the readers like?" We said, "Don't ask us... ask them." So they are. Your answers on this survey will help our advertisers find out what products and services you're interested in. As an incentive, we're giving a *free HUSTLER T-shirt* to each reader (one to a family) who sends in a survey filled out properly and completely. Thanks for your help.

SEX: M ☐ F ☐

AGE: 18-24 ☐ 25-34 ☐ 35-49 ☐ 50+ ☐

ANNUAL INCOME (Combined if married): Under \$10,000 ☐ \$10,000-14,999 ☐

\$15,000-19,999 ☐ \$20,000-24,999 ☐ \$25,000-29,999 ☐ \$30,000+ ☐

MARITAL STATUS: Single ☐ Married ☐

EDUCATION: Did not complete high school ☐ Completed high school ☐

Attended college ☐ Graduated from college ☐

EMPLOYMENT: Professional/Technical ☐ Manager/Administrator ☐

Foreman ☐ Craftsman ☐ Other ☐

How many issues of HUSTLER do you buy a year? ☐

Do you subscribe? Yes ☐ No ☐

What other magazines do you buy regularly?

DRINKING HABITS:

Distilled spirits. What do you drink?

1.) Bourbon ☐ 2.) Canadian whiskey ☐ 3.) Gin ☐ 4.) Rum ☐

5.) Rye or blended whiskey ☐ 6.) Scotch ☐ 7.) Tequila ☐

8.) Other

Which brands?

How much do you buy a week?

Beer. What do you drink?

1.) Regular domestic ☐ 2.) Imported ☐ 3.) Light beer ☐ 4.) Ale ☐

5.) Malt liquor ☐

Which brands?

How many bottles/cans do you drink a day?

SMOKING HABITS:

1.) Do you smoke? Yes ☐ No ☐

2.) If yes, what do you smoke? Cigarettes ☐ Pipe ☐ Cigars ☐

3.) Which brand do you prefer?

4.) How much do you smoke?

Name

Address

City

State

Zip Code

T-Shirt size: XL ☐

L ☐

M ☐

S ☐

Get a Free T-Shirt!

Free—A HUSTLER T-shirt for each survey we receive! One per family.

Enclose \$2 for postage and handling.

Send this survey to: HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067-3054

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

Hot Dreams

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, written and directed by Warren Evans; starring Sharon Mitchell, Anna Ventura, Sharon Kane, Jamie Gillis, Joanna Storm, Tiffany Clark, Michael Bruce, Ashley Moore and Marlene Willoughby. Running time: 85 minutes.

Just when you think you've seen enough X-rated films about women who daydream their sexual fantasies, one comes along that handles the subject in a refreshingly different way. *Hot Dreams* is such a picture.

Sharon Mitchell—who's in just about everything these days—is a fashion photographer painfully bored with her lackluster sex life and conventional husband (Michael Bruce). She begins having sexual daydreams no matter where she is: in the shower, where she imagines she's being raped; at dinner with her husband's boss (Jamie Gillis) and his wife (Marlene Willoughby);



Sharon Mitchell, Joanna Storm and Anna Ventura prepare to heat up a health club in 'Hot Dreams.'

and on the job during a photo-session with three muscular guys. Not wanting to keep things to herself, Mitchell finally tells her promiscuous friend (Tiffany Clark) about her sleazy fantasies.

Clark turns around and seduces Bruce when he catches her on the phone with an obscene caller. While basking in the afterglow of that frantic fuck, Clark tells Bruce that his wife is a bigger sexpot than he realizes—and she's longing for some kinkier experiences in the sack. So Bruce decides that some group sex on a boat might be the answer. And it certainly is.

Obviously, the strength of *Hot Dreams* is not in its plot. What makes this a good film is its excellent use of sexual-fantasy sequences tightly edited between Mitchell's mundane day-to-day

activities. In each dream scene we see a woman who longs to be dominated—and is—by whom-ever she happens to be with at the time.

There are several group-sex scenes, but undoubtedly the carnal highlight of the flick occurs when Mitchell starts daydreaming during a massage in a health spa. As busty Anna Ventura rubs her shoulders, Mitchell's bawdy imagination takes over, and the result is a three-girl-on-one-guy, feast-of-flesh fuck-and-suck that may rank as one of the hottest sex scenes ever. Ventura's shrieking orgasm is a revelation for those who believe that the girls in fuck films never get off.

The final cruise and lovemaking sequence is the production's best nondream action. The backdrop of the Manhattan skyline behind Mitchell's and Sharon Kane's cocksucking and pussy-eating makes for a delightful, sharply photographed contrast. The Big Apple's skyscrapers provide the perfect set. In fact, the scenery and background are so stunning that you could conceivably ignore all of the torrid sex that's going on.

Although a bit slow in places and bogged down by a number of mediocre acting performances, *Hot Dreams* is still a film to see if you too find reality limp.

—L. M. F.



'Dreams:' Michael Bruce and Marlene Willoughby have Mitchell for dessert.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
- HALF ERECT**
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



Joanna Storm is caught from behind in 'The Devil in Miss Jones II.'

The Devil in Miss Jones II

Fully Erect. Produced by James George; written by Ellie Howard and Henri Pachard; directed by Henri Pachard; starring Georgina Spelvin, Jack Wrangler, R. Bolla, Jacqueline Lorians, Joanna Storm, Anna Ventura, Bobby Astyr, Michael Bruce, George Payne and Samantha Fox. Running time: 84 minutes.

If you were shaken by the awesome intensity of Gerard Damiano's *The Devil in Miss Jones* (1972), you'll be completely unraveled by this brilliantly produced and hilarious sequel. It takes a daring filmmaker to turn a serious tale of brazen sensuality into a successful romantic comedy. But director Henri Pachard has done just that with *The Devil in Miss Jones II*.

At the end of the original *Devil*, Justine Jones (Georgina Spelvin) is in hell—the place where sleazy sinners of the flesh wind up after a life of lustful decadence. *Devil II* opens with the same Miss Jones achieving orgasm while straddling the erect nose (a la Pinocchio) of Cyrano de Bergerac. But for hell's unlucky inhabitants, it seems, orgasms are forbidden—and Miss Jones is in big trouble.

Brought before Lucifer (Jack Wrangler) for punishment, she ends up seducing the king of the underworld. Before Satan shoots his fiery wad (a wonderful special effect enables him to come in a flame-throwing ejaculation), the shrewd Miss Jones strikes a deal with him.

She's allowed to return to Earth—as an immortal—to take

the form of another "living" female body within which she can satisfy her long-stifled sexual hungers. But what Miss Jones doesn't know is that the devil has fallen hopelessly in love with her, and he'll be watching her every move via his underworld TV monitor.

First plopped into the body of a wanton callgirl (Jacqueline Lorians), Miss Jones manages to perturb Lucifer by her sexploits with a kinky john. So she's transferred into the body of a Private Benjamin-type Army girl (Joanna Storm). When Storm sucks off her company commander, Lucifer gets pissed again, and the body-hopping Jones winds up inside an innocent door-to-door salesgirl (Anna Ventura).

Her uncontrolled sexual appetite takes over again, however, and the timid salesgirl finds herself in a bizarre threesome with a male customer and an inflatable doll. Red-hot angry now, the quick-thinking devil searches for a chaste body for his beloved Miss Jones.

He finds one in the habit of a nun, but this disturbs St. Peter. He phones the underworld master and expresses his disappointment with Lucifer's lack of judgment. As it turns out, the devil is forced to return Miss Jones to the body she's best suited for—that of the callgirl.

Essentially, *Devil II* takes place in two locations—hell and Earth. And the filmmakers' visual depiction of the underworld is superb, as are the lavish costumes and makeup. But what is so special about this film is the uncommon smoothness with which the action flows. Witty dialogue and tart humor are evident throughout the picture.

As for the sex in *Devil II*, there's plenty of it. Not to mention a collection of delectable ladies who'd add heat to any production. In one delightful sequence, hooker Lorians (whose tits could stop a 747) takes on kinky Bobby Astyr, who likes to dress up as the devil when he fucks.

Superlative acting performances, gorgeous bodies, excellent editing and production values, and fun, hot sex all combine to make *The Devil in Miss Jones II* a devilishly good time for all.

—L. M. F.

Treasure Box

Half Erect. Produced by Robert Lynn and Jerome Bronson; written and directed by Jerome Bronson; starring John Leslie, Nancy Hoffman, Gary Goodman, Mimi Morgan, Cecil Johnson, Eric Edwards and Chris Cassidy. Running time: 75 minutes.

Treasure Box gets high marks for trying something inventive: an Agatha Christie-type mystery/comedy in which the film gives the viewer the clues. Not a bad concept—but somebody ought to do it right.

The story starts with the reading of the will of Richardson Miles (John Leslie), supposedly the world's greatest porn producer. But his "will" is actually an 8mm hard-core loop that contains clues which will lead a lucky heir to his hidden fortune. Among the heirs are Richardson's twin brother Rumpleton Miles (also Leslie) and his wife Fitila (Mimi Morgan), Richardson's daughter Heidi Ho

(Nancy Hoffman) and an adopted black nephew named Brindle (Cecil Johnson).

The "loop" seems to be separate from the story here: The reel's players are French, and the film style is totally different—and sexier—than the rest of the picture. The kinky loop gets a lot of mileage, though, being run forward and backward several times as the greedy heirs "study" it for clues.



Daniel Du Maurier has a taste for Joanna Storm in 'Miss Jones II.'

The action in *Treasure Box* heats up when brother Rumpleton decides that the best way to decipher the loop is to act it out. Plenty of fucking and sucking results, but much of it is pretty lame.

In a scene refuting the myth that black men are untiring superstuds, blond bombshell Chris Cassidy gives enthusiastic head to Cecil Johnson. But in the end his dick's still limper than overcooked spaghetti.

On the plus side is the abundance of ass-fucking sequences—in which everyone tries to dupli-



Chris Cassidy and friends act as sexual sleuths in 'Treasure Box.'




John Leslie and Constance Money check out the menu in 'A Taste of Money.'

cate the contorted, upside-down position that a woman had assumed in the French loop.

Eventually, the mystery is solved. That's the good part. The bad part is that despite the creative plot, *Treasure Box* suffers from less-than-stimulating sex and below-average acting. With the exception of Mimi Morgan. She not only can act, but also gives a tremendous blowjob to John Leslie with a lot of tongue and teeth movement.

For trying something different—even if the result isn't completely successful—*Treasure Box* is worth catching. —L. M. F.

A Taste of Money

 **Half Erect.** Produced by Michael Paulson; written and directed by Richard Mailer; starring Constance Money, Jamie Gillis, Paul Thomas, John Leslie, Sharon Mitchell, Don Hart, Gina Gianetti, Mariko Kemo, Judy Abernathy and Angel Nicolet. Running time: 95 minutes.

Constance Money—the sultry, auburn-haired lovely who paralyzed audiences with her performance in 1976's classic *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*—returns to the adult screen with *A Taste of Money*. But even the still-ravishing Money isn't enough to save this overambitious tour de farce.

A Taste of Money is the story of ex-porn starlet Money's contemplated return to the adult-movie screen. A porn producer (Paul Thomas) solicits the help of *Misty Beethoven* co-star (and

Money's movie mentor) Jamie Gillis, who lives in utter sexual decadence on what looks like a discarded set from *Caligula*. The place is loaded with everything from she-males to cocksucking midgits to 300-pound, cheese-eating whale women. After showing Thomas around his "home," Gillis agrees to help the eager filmmaker convince Money that she belongs back in pictures.

After a lover's spat with her musician boyfriend (Blair Harris), a depressed Money goes to see Gillis. The two perform a steamy lovemaking session in Gillis's "Constance Money Memorial Shrine"—a sacred and secret room where he keeps sexual artifacts (like kinky lingerie) from Money's films. Although the lady still sucks great cock, Gillis recognizes that she isn't as excited about porn as she used to be. She won't be easy to sway.

From there the plot drags like an afternoon soap opera through a series of limp sexual encounters with Money's friends, all of

whom try to help her make the "right decision." Finally, after watching an "interview" between producer Thomas and a young actress (who reminds Money of her past self), Constance decides this biz is not for her—and rushes back to the open arms of her wimpy boyfriend.

The film is loaded with interesting visual stimuli and colorful shot locations. Money even gives head to a guy while flying over San Francisco in a hot-air balloon. And the Fellini-esque goings-on at Gillis's hangout are curiously stimulating. But the picture just tries *too hard*... and as a result, it falls flat on its face.

Perhaps the flick's best scene occurs when Money is offscreen. It's between golden-haired firecracker Gina Gianetti (who appears in the film credits as Gail Sutro) and John Leslie. Leslie plays an adult-film actor/chef who's unveiling his new X-rated gourmet-cooking program to a cable-TV crew. While browning a chicken, he takes his cock and black-and-blues Gianetti's ass. This scene is hot and hilarious, and Gianetti is the perfect bimbo for Leslie's always-dominant sexual antics.

But what's upsetting about *A Taste of Money* is the producer's blatant waste of talent. A lady like Money, with so much natural sensuality and genuine desirability, has no business in a film in which she's saddled with stupid lines and boring sex scenes.

If the filmmakers had let their star "do her thing"—without all the high-budget distractions and muddy dialogue—*A Taste of Money* could have been a picture to bank on. Instead, it's just a poor investment. —L. M. F.



A trio of lovelies takes a soapy break from the action in 'A Taste of Money.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls
Debbie Does Dallas II
Doing It
Indecent Exposure
In Love
Irresistible
Memphis Cat House Blues
Naughty Girls Need
Love Too!
Scoundrels
Society Affairs

Three-Quarters Erect

Expose Me Now
Intimate Lessons
Mascara
Midnight Heat
Satisfactions
Taboo II
Touch of Blue
Up 'n' Coming

Half Erect

Baby Cakes
California Valley Girls
Liquid Assets
Little Girls Lost
Nightlife
N-U-R-S-E-S of the 407
Oul, Girls
Puss 'n' Boots
Sorority Sweethearts
Trash!
White Heat

One-Quarter Erect

Blue Jeans
Body Talk
Daddy's Little Girls
Foreplay
Fox Holes
Peep Holes
The Mistress
The Starmaker

Totally Limp

All About Annette
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Starlet Nights
The Seductress

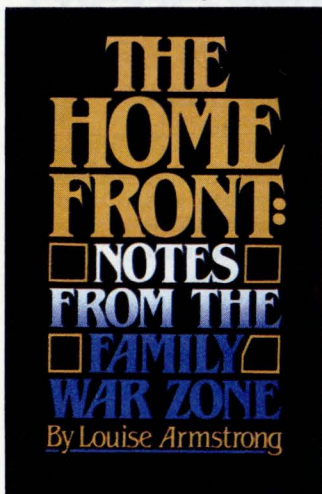
BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

The Home Front

By Louise Armstrong; McGraw Hill Book Company, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; \$14.95.

Author Louise Armstrong devotes one-quarter of her book to the case history of a kid known as Jackie, who was adopted and then dumped into a mental institution at the age of six be-



cause he was a problem child. At the age of seven, Jackie was made to sign a "voluntary" paper that explained he wouldn't be released until a parent or guardian consented.

Jackie then couldn't get out until he was 11, when he was released to the adoptive parent who'd put him away in the first place. This "parent" mistreated Jackie so much that, at age 12, the boy hanged himself. The parent is now serving a five-year sentence for child abuse—five months less than the term Jackie served for doing nothing.

What all this comes down to—and what Armstrong tries to put across in this shocking volume on family destruction and violence—is that criminal law has been made to stop where the family begins. If I beat you up or hurt you, the law nails me. But if I beat up, molest or rape my wife or kids, it's a different story. The event turns into a medical-psychological problem, and the answer is "treatment." Obviously, there's something wrong with

this mentality, and that's vividly brought out in this book.

The Home Front: Notes From the Family War Zone touches on many abuses: battered wives, battered kids and sexual molestation. So much can go wrong to disrupt the harmony of a family—terrible things few people realize—that it's a wonder more books like this one aren't published every day. No doubt as the pressures of the current decade increase, the family unit will suffer ever-increasing tension.

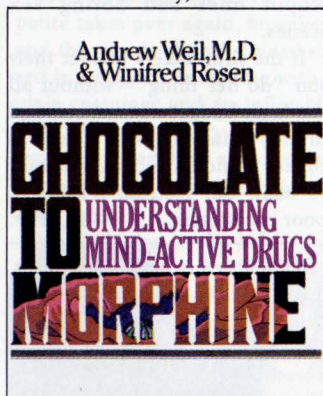
Human rights should start at home, and the family unit must be strengthened in order for civilization to survive. These two factors will determine the future of our society. Ignoring them will be our undoing. Buy *The Home Front* and learn from it.

Chocolate to Morphine

By Andrew Weil, M.D., and Winifred Rosen; Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, MA 02108; \$8.95.

This book is subtitled *Understanding Mind-Active Drugs*, and that describes it all. If you're curious about any drug you may have heard of—and the countless substances you haven't yet come to know—this expertly researched, clearly written text will satisfy that curiosity.

Needless to say, our world is



full of many bizarre substances—some existing naturally, some created by science—that people love to swallow, inject, snort, smoke or whatever. But the scary thing is, most of us don't really know what we're doing to ourselves when we're sucking these aliens into our precious systems. Authors Andrew Weil and Winifred Rosen, however, know what these things do to us, and they tell it simply and concisely in

Chocolate to Morphine.

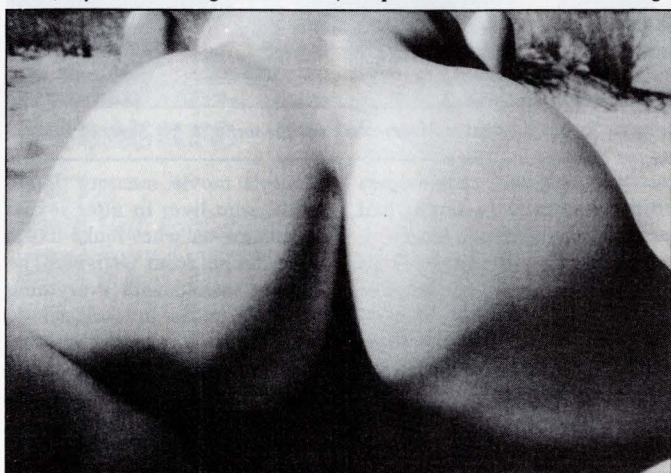
Some of their findings may startle you. For instance, did you know that one of the most poisonous substances known to man is nicotine (found, of course, in those lovely pencil-thin poles of rolled tobacco that so many of us have to have in our mouths every waking hour)? There's enough nicotine in an average cigar to kill several people. But smoking a stogey destroys much of the nicotine. According to the authors, if you soak a cigar in water

one of the latest or are just looking for something interesting to read, *Chocolate to Morphine* fills the prescription!

Rising Goddess

By Cynthia MacAdams; Morgan and Morgan Inc., 145 Palisade St., Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522; \$18.95.

Rising Goddess is another example of the wondrous things



The photo essay 'Rising Goddess' offers a unique view of the female body.

until it turns dark and then drink the liquid, it could kill you.

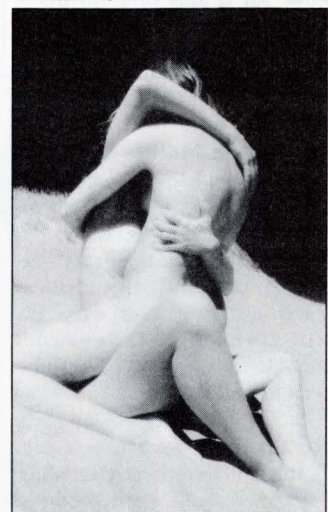
In addition to a glut of factual info about drugs, the book is loaded with anecdotes by users who have "been there," describing what their good and bad experiences were like. And perhaps the best thing is, it tells you the facts without preaching whether you should or shouldn't do these things to yourself.

For instance, with regard to psychedelics, Weil and Rosen write: "Psychedelics do not necessarily produce any particular mood or state of mind. They act as intensifiers of experience. If you take them when you are elated, they make you super-elated. If you take them when you are depressed, they make you superdepressed. If you take them with a friend, they may deepen your friendship. If you take them with someone you feel uncomfortable with, they may intensify that discomfort to an unbearable degree. Therefore, if you are going to take these drugs, you must be extremely careful where and with whom you take them." No moralizing—just straightforward facts.

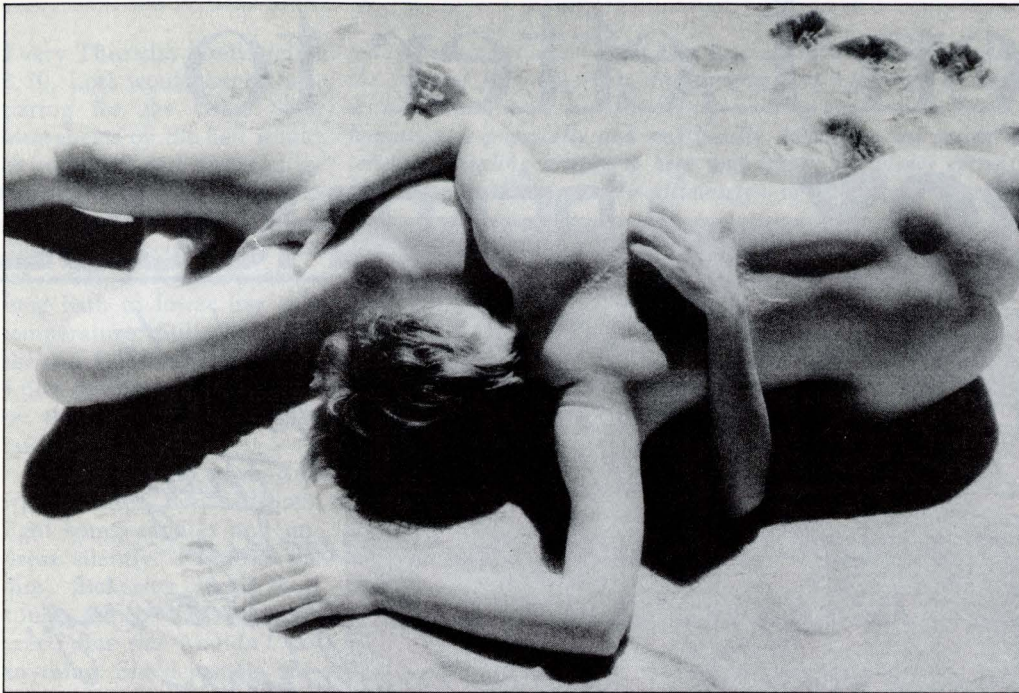
If you're curious about drugs, thinking of experimenting with

that can be done with black-and-white photography in the hands of a picture taker who knows what he, or in this case she, is doing. Cynthia MacAdams is a startlingly talented photographer who has captured in this book the naked female body with a glorious originality of style—and eroticism.

Poet Kate Millett, in the preface to the book, recognizes that this is, indeed, a collection of women photographed by a woman. She writes: "Women



An erotic hillside embrace is sensitively framed in 'Rising Goddess.'



'Rising Goddess': The talented Cynthia MacAdams captures two lovers on a Massachusetts beach.

permit men to take their photographs. Under the usual terms and in the accepted manner of becoming passive, an object ad-



A naked mother-to-be welcomes the morning sun in 'Rising Goddess.'

mired or exploited or whatever. But women do not have that relationship with each other. Books of the female nude by women photographers are rare enough. And therefore, the integrity and self-sufficient character of these women, their strength. For the strength is unmistakable; it is what strikes first. They are utterly unafraid, unashamed."

Obviously, her point is that because these are pictures of women taken by a woman, they are more sensitive and *real*—in other words, more delicately private than those taken by a man.

I must disagree with that per-

ception. There is no more genuine sensitivity in these pictures than in, say, some of David Hamilton's finer photographs. The injection of feminism doesn't belong here. *Rising Goddess* is a beautiful photo essay because Cynthia MacAdams is a gifted photographer—not because she's a woman.

Of course, I may be wrong. Pick up the book and judge for yourself.

Herpes: Coping With the New Epidemic

By David L. Perlow, M.D., and Joan S. Perlow, M.D.; Prentice-Hall Inc., Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632; \$15.95 cloth, \$6.95 paperback.

I know what you're thinking: "Another book on herpes!" But wait—before you pass judgment, be aware that this volume is a bit different from the others. In addition to offering a clear, scientific description of this infectious venereal disease, *Herpes: Coping With the New Epidemic* bends over backward to *teach* you that having the ailment does not mean the end of the world. And after the past year's media blitz on the horrors of the disease, such a perspective is certainly a


hopeful and refreshing change.

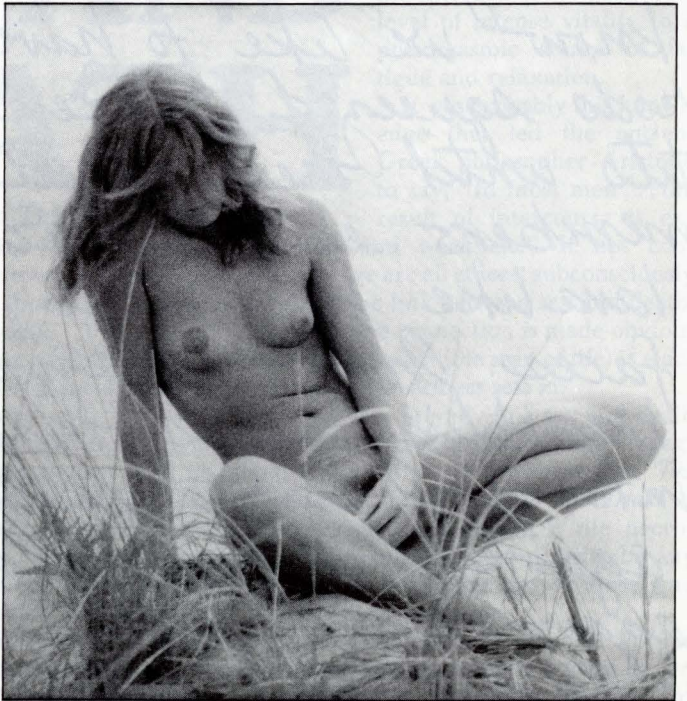
The authors point out that herpes is less disabling than the flu. They say that in the long run it's not even as bad for your health as smoking. So why, you ask, are so many people distressed? The answer is twofold and psychological: Because the precious genitals are affected... and because, as yet, there's no cure. And those facts are scary.

A high point of the Perlows' book is the section of testimonials—stories by individuals who

have herpes. Some of the anecdotes come from people who have been shattered by contracting herpes and have never been able to return to normal living. But there are also true accounts from those who—through courage and discipline of thought—have succeeded in pursuing happy and healthy lives in spite of the affliction. This latter material makes the book special and important.

There's an epidemic of herpes in large part because countless infected clowns out there have a "to hell with you, I'm getting my rocks off" attitude. Education, honesty and care can help change that contemptuous attitude and allow the herpes patient to live easier while waiting for a cure to be developed. And judging from recent discoveries, including a promising new injection described in *this* magazine in July's *Sex Play* column ("Genital Herpes: A Shot of Hope"), a cure for this obnoxious disease may be near.

In the meantime, all of us have to be more careful than scared, more smart than stupid. And if, by bad luck, we do happen to contract herpes, we must grab hold of our emotions and remember this: Even though the disease is not curable right now, the suffering and pain are only *temporary*. It's a tall order but one that, if followed, can mean the difference between living in misery and in happiness. 



'Rising Goddess': A reflective moment in the life of a young girl.

Open Letter to **PLAYBOY** and **PENTHOUSE**

What is your problem? Do you hate women? Why don't you show us the same respect that Hustler does? They really know what makes our perky pink nipples harden and our quivering, tight pussies overflow with moisture. They know we like to have thick, glistening, rock-hard, vein-popping cocks plunged deep into our soaking wet cunts and then jammed into our hot, hungry mouths. They know we like to gulp down gobs and gobs of creamy white delicious cum. They know we like to have their big, pulsating rods squeezed between our firm swollen tits until their rigid, throbbing, mammoth members erupt into jets of shimmering lava-like love-juice all over our eager faces. And they know we like huge, fat, trembling dicks thrust ever so far into our tight, puckered assholes again and again and again and again and again and again and again.

Every Thursday afternoon at 3:30, Lori would begin preparing for the ritual. The blue sheets on the bed would be removed and replaced by a single white one, with no blankets or pillows. Filling the tub with cold water and ice cubes, Lori would take a long bath to lower her skin temperature. Still shivering, she'd brush her cheeks with white powder, then lie down on the bed to wait for her husband, Ron.

Returning from work, Ron would enter the bedroom, light some candles and undress silently. Even in the dim, flickering light, Lori could see he was already erect. But she wouldn't say anything. She'd just lie perfectly still, playing dead.

Slowly, Ron would climb atop the bed and part Lori's "lifeless" legs. His hard cock would enter her. She was dry, and his strokes would tear at her vagina. As her husband's passion built, Lori would want to move with her man's rhythm. But she wasn't "allowed" to move because his pleasure depended on her imitation of death. Ironically, Lori was pleasing to Ron only when she didn't show any signs of life.

This connection between sex and death is not as unusual as it might first seem. We're all familiar with the appeal of death itself—an appeal apparent in the endless array of blood-and-gore television programs and films filled with brutal, often-senseless slayings. Our fascination with the end of life is widespread and most clearly reflected in such entertainment.

"There's one constant in every successful dramatic TV-story form," says Marc Golden, former head of program development for CBS. "And that's that the leading character's occupation is somehow connected with death. We've tried stories about publicity men, congressmen and social workers. But those stories have all been unsuccessful. Story forms connected with death are the only ones that audiences are willing to watch."

Is our taste for such entertainment normal? Or is it a warped attempt to suppress our very real fears about life's end?

Illustration by John Andrews

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



SEX AND DEATH

by John Tido

As with most topics—like sex—that touch on our innermost feelings, the question of death's appeal has raised a great deal of controversy.

In *The Pornography of Death*, author Geoffrey Gorer says our society has restricted—but not erased—our interest in the notions of death and dying. This repression has brought about a split between our true feelings and the way death is popularly expressed. While fictional death is displayed on TV and in movies, real death has been hidden away from us in hospitals and nursing homes. Gorer likens this trend to the demand for sexual pornography, which always flourishes when society maintains a prudish, restrictive attitude toward sex.

In a sense, the way we deal with death shows the failure of repression as a form of control. Since our society considers death disgusting and even immoral, we try to shove the subject aside. Instead of dealing with death honestly, we have developed a morbid preoccupation with bizarre, often-ghoulish fantasies.

Only recently have we started to overcome this Great Taboo. And we've done it in part by making the same discovery about death that we've made about sex. That is: It's a subject that everyone is concerned about.

To be sure, we're understanding more about death all the time. But has it been shown that death plays a role in sexual intercourse—nature's most dramatic demonstration of life? Some have suggested that sex and death not only are intertwined but are also one in the same!

Alexander the Great, who conquered the entire ancient world, reputedly said, "Sex and sleep alone make me conscious that I am mortal." The French refer to orgasm as *le petit mort*—"the little death." In a sense it is. During intercourse we go from a level of intense vitality to a postorgasmic slump of fatigue and relaxation.

It was probably this knowledge that led the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle to say, "In most men... the result of intercourse is exhaustion and weakness." If not consciously, we are all at least subconsciously aware of the link between sex and death. For men, the connection is made obvious every time sperm (the seed of life) is ejaculated, and weariness sets in.

Those who literally link sex and death sometimes practice necrophilia, engaging in sex with a dead person. (See *The Girl Who Had Sex With the Dead* in HUSTLER's April issue.) While necrophilia is not an accepted practice by any means, it is a familiar one to those who study deviant behavior.

One necrophile, a 21-year-old morgue attendant, was extensively studied by Dr. Benjamin Karpman. In his book *The Sexual Offender and His Offenses*, Karpman

reported that this young man was drawn to necrophilia after masturbating to fantasies of his girlfriend, who'd died several months after their one and only act of intercourse. When he enrolled in a school of undertaking, the young man tried but couldn't resist his desire to fuck the female corpses. Four or five times a week he'd stay alone in the morgue at night and suck their tits, perform cunnilingus, even drink their blood and urine. Sometimes he'd screw them in the ass.

There is, of course, a sadistic side to a man's desire for sex with a corpse. Through necrophilia the man is able to be the complete master. The corpse is the ultimate sex object, open to any desire. The necrophile can gloat over the total helplessness of his victim. Ever mindful of the cliché "Dead men tell no tales," the necrophile can perform any perversion he wants, secure in the knowledge that his "partner" will never protest.

Necrophilic desires may also be caused by an attempt to suppress the sexual impulse. Such a person believes the sex drive is "immoral" and tries to fight it by associating sex with disgusting images—like that of a rotting body. But because the sex drive is so strong, the natural impulse can't be repressed. So it is forced to the surface, often in a bizarre form.

It has even been suggested that the great American writer Edgar Allan Poe

was a "closet" necrophile whose true longings showed up in his macabre works. While there is no evidence that he committed any overt acts of necrophilia, all of Poe's heroines were pale, sickly women, and his love for them was always tragic, transcending their graves.

While most people would never consider having intercourse with an actual corpse, many do incorporate elements of simulated necrophilia in their lovemaking. "I've had customers who've asked me to lie perfectly still and not touch them or move during sex," recalls Karen, a fortyish but still attractive Nevada hooker. "I wonder if those guys weren't fantasizing about doing it with a dead woman."

Such sexual behavior illustrates writer John Updike's suggestion that some men "want to fuck what they fear." Such behavior is also more widespread than might be supposed, even extending to the very heart of our nation's power centers. That was proved when three researchers recently interviewed several callgirls servicing political leaders in and around Washington, D.C.

"The [D.C.] callgirl usually plays the corpse," Dr. Sam Janus, Dr. Barbara Bess and Carol Saltus write in *A Sexual Profile of Men in Power*. "She must lie utterly motionless, controlling her breathing so that it is as shallow and inconspicuous as

possible... Her job is to sustain the client's illusion that he is having intercourse with a dead body."

In an explanation that's crucial to understanding the link between sex and death, the authors assert that such simulated necrophilia relieves the customer of expected "future doom." To be able to "think the unthinkable... and survive the humiliation and terror of death is like a purging, a psychic rebirth," they write. "[It] is typical of the ideal of masculinity which politicians feel compelled to live up to."

In other words, fucking "lifeless" prostitutes allows these men to laugh at the fear of death, thus sustaining their self-images of power and control. And that can be true of anyone who's into simulated necrophilia—such as Ron, Lori's husband, whose routine was described at the opening of this article.

Sex and fear are connected in other ways too. A sexual conquest, for example, can also be seen as a conquest of our fears of inadequacy. By "scoring," we've one-upped our body; we've proved our manhood. As a teenager, that first sexual encounter makes us cool, one of the guys. It's all-important.

As we progress through our prime years, that importance decreases, but re-emerges when we hit our 40s and 50s. Faced with declining vitality and the prospect of death, it once again becomes important for us to prove we can still "get it up." In mid-life, men seek a reaffirmation of their sexual desirability—a way to deny the aging process and inevitable death.

While it may break up marriages and cause gossip, the sexual affairs of a man in mid-life crisis are viewed as normal. Having sex with a younger woman is more than good sex—it enlivens the older man and lets him think he's temporarily "cheating" death. It does this by allowing the middle-aged man to renew his faith in his virility and masculinity. He looks at the younger woman and feels he can control his own aging process.

Clearly, many of us do bring our fears of death to bed. While obviously not everyone engages in extreme acts of necrophilia, we all share the deep-seated concerns that cause such antisocial behavior. Some of us might decide to hire a prostitute to help rid ourselves of these worries. Others deny these worries about death by attaching themselves to a younger woman. And still others face their fear of death and simply learn to accept it.

But we all must come to terms with death's inevitability. Considering the ultimate control death has over our lives, perhaps fucking what we fear is the best idea after all.

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Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, *but* already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis *can* be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and it's safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie. What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annie: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for \$39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.



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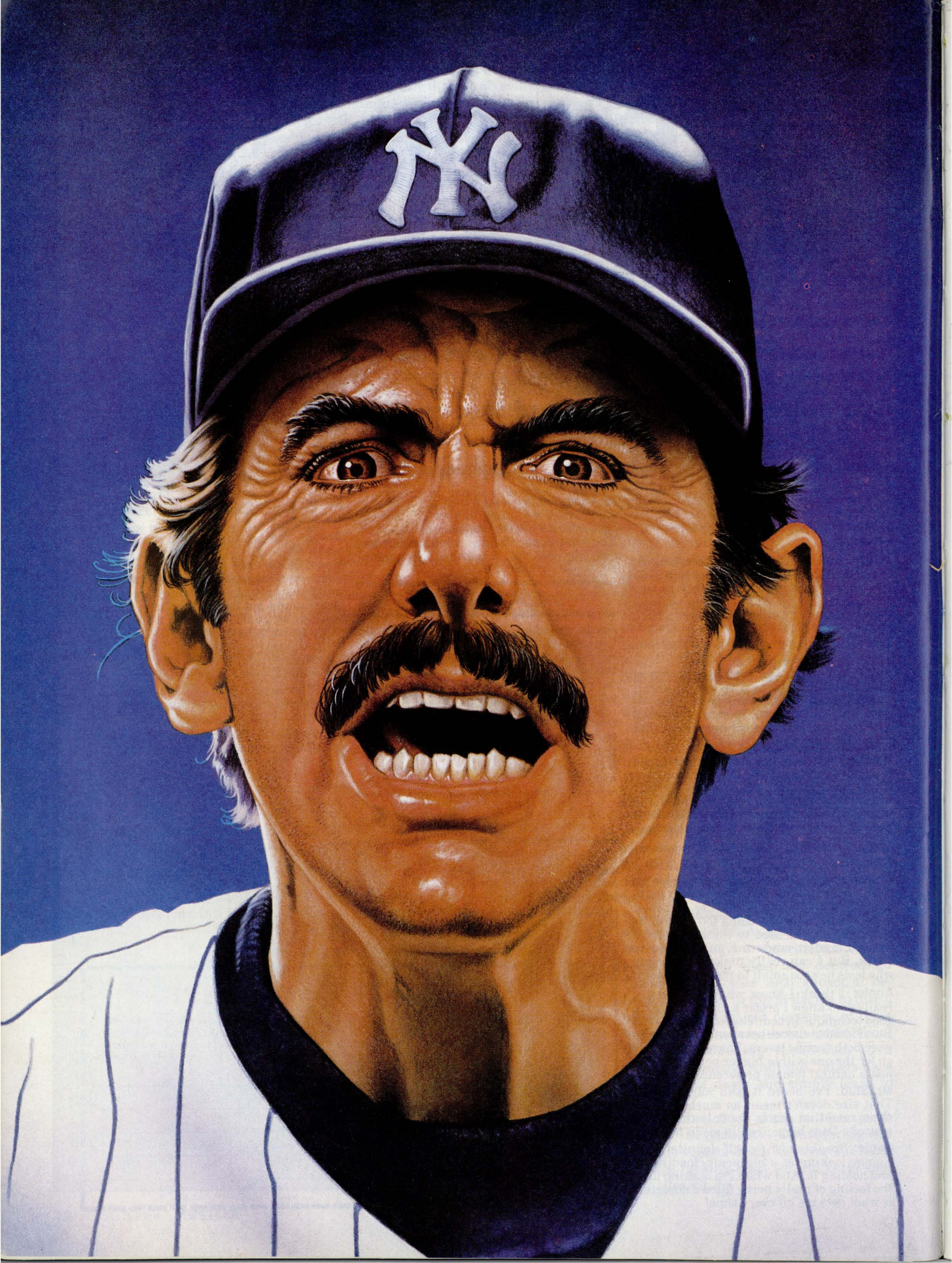
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BASEBALL's BILLY MARTIN

The Mouth That Roars

Profile by Maury Allen

Relaxing in the clubhouse of the New York Yankees' spring-training camp at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, last March, manager Billy Martin contemplated the surprising turn of events that had resulted in his rejoining the team following a three-year absence. Flamboyant Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, driven by an all-consuming desire to win a pennant at any cost, had swallowed hard and signed the loudmouth he fired twice before to a lucrative four-year contract. According to the official line, Martin's long history of tantrums—both on and off the field—was a thing of the past.

"I'm a changed man," said Billy, puffing contentedly on a calabash pipe filled with Captain Black tobacco—the brand he endorses on one of numerous TV commercials that exploit his brash image.

Anyone who believed that statement would be a prime candidate for making real-estate investments in Florida swampland. Billy Martin will never change—and perhaps that's what makes him the hugely appealing personality he's been throughout a stormy 35-year career both as player and manager. Everyone can identify with him when he screams at an umpire or kicks dirt on the arbiter's blue uniform. For the average fan he symbolizes the frustrated underdog standing up to authority.

True to form, Martin was at it again by

the third inning of the 1983 season opener against the Seattle Mariners. He came racing out of the dugout to protest a decision at second base and stood face to face with umpire Dan Morrison—stamping his feet, gesturing wildly and complaining so vigorously that the veins stood out on the side of his neck.

A week later, with the Yankees playing the Toronto Blue Jays, Martin became incensed when umpire Vic Voltaggio called the second pitch of the game a ball. "You're full of shit," the Yankee skipper shouted from the bench, violating the rule against questioning a plate umpire's ball-and-strike decisions.

"No, *you're* full of shit," Voltaggio shouted back.

Between the first and second innings Martin was thrown out of a game for the 56th time in his career, and eventually he was fined \$5,000 for the two incidents. Ejection number 57—along with a three-day suspension—came several weeks afterward when he kicked dirt on an umpire during a prolonged argument.

Then late in May, while the Yankees were mired in a losing streak, Martin found himself involved in the sort of off-the-field incident that has typified his lifestyle. Sitting in the bar of the Anaheim (California) Hyatt Hotel at around 1:30 a.m., he became annoyed at a pest who sent over a bottle of Miller Lite beer,

which has featured Billy in a number of television commercials. When the man repeatedly interrupted the conversation at Martin's table, Billy responded by calling the guy a faggot and allegedly struck him on the left side of the face with a closed fist, knocking him to the ground. Assault charges filed against Martin were later dropped.

"People come out of the walls after me," he complained. "A few years ago I would have decked that s.o.b. half an hour earlier. Maybe that's where I've matured."

Whether Martin has really matured became increasingly questionable when he demolished a dugout urinal with a bat following a devastating loss in June. Shortly thereafter, a clubhouse incident in which he viciously chewed out a female newspaper researcher nearly cost him his job.

At age 55—with a face lined from years of excessive drinking, tax and marital problems, and the emotional strain of being dismissed from six big-league managerial jobs—he remains the same contradiction he always was—a feisty, nasty, mean, petty, arrogant, profane man with enormous guts, kindness, humility, tenderness and love.

"People follow Martin for the same reason they like to go to car races," columnist Loudon Wainwright once ob-

served. "They're hoping for a wreck."

A's pitcher Steve McCatty offers another view. "I always wanted to see baseball because it's exciting," he says. "I didn't go to see a manager kick dirt on an umpire, or argue or scream."

Whether you love or hate the quick-tempered Italian from Berkeley, California, there's no doubt that he's a winner. Martin played five seasons with the Yankees, and each team won a pennant. He led the Minnesota Twins and the Detroit Tigers to division titles. He turned around a second-rate Texas Rangers team into second-place finishers.

In his only two complete seasons at the Yankees helm he won two pennants and a world championship. And he took the Oakland A's from last-place losers of 108 games to second place. A year later he guided them to a pennant playoff. Yet everywhere Martin has managed, he's been fired.

"Each firing was for a different reason," he explains. "Mostly people butted in where they shouldn't have. I make money for every team that takes me, and I win. What the hell else is there?"

While fighting with owners, general managers, umpires, league officials and sportswriters at every stop, he has also displayed an uncanny ability for getting the most out of players with ordinary talents or those considered to be "prob-

lems" by other teams. He took a sullen, Spanish-speaking Minnesota Twins shortstop named Zoilo Versalles and turned him into the American League's 1965 Most Valuable Player. He stuck up for a convict named Ron LeFlore, got him out of prison and made him into a million-dollar ballplayer.

He also made a great player and a Yankee captain out of Thurman Munson, who was killed in a plane crash during the 1979 season. Ironically, Martin once belted the surly Munson on a team flight. Yet he loved the man, and was more visibly overcome at the catcher's funeral than Munson's wife and family. Afterward, Martin ordered the Yankees to wear black until he told them not to.

Another man he loved was colorful Casey Stengel, who signed him to his first professional baseball contract. Martin got drunk the night before Stengel's 1975 funeral in Glendale, California, falling asleep on top of his former manager's four-poster bed. Still hungover, wearing dark glasses to hide bloodshot eyes, he made an ass out of himself at the cemetery the next morning—alternately gasping for breath, choking out sobs and swapping funny Stengel stories with other mourners.

"I loved him more than any man I ever knew," Martin admits. "He was the father I never had. The lowest point in my life

came when I was traded away from the Yankees. He could have stopped the team from doing that, but he didn't. I hated him for that." The two men didn't speak to each other for five years.

"He loves and hates because he is emotional as hell," explains Yankee coach Lee Walls.

A special love/hate relationship exists with owner George Steinbrenner, whom Martin sometimes dislikes for not only being rich and authoritative but for being just as argumentative as himself. Yet he also shows Steinbrenner a special affection for gambling on him again, returning Martin to the one job he wanted all his life and had blown twice before—the coveted position of Yankee manager.

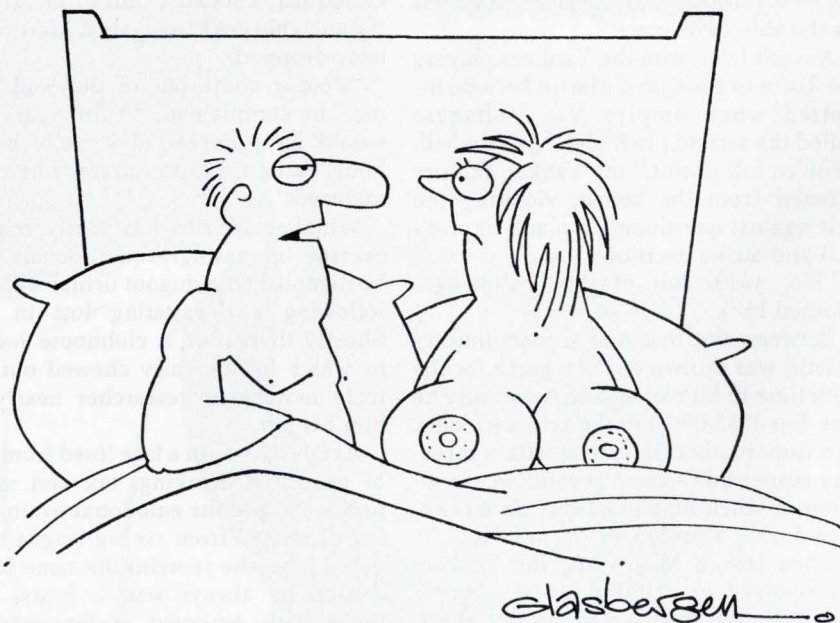
Steinbrenner, of course, had good reasons for making this decision that astonished the sports world. Attendance had dropped by some 600,000 as the embarrassed Yankees ended the 1982 season in fifth place. Financial losses had increased to an alarming \$2 million over a three-year period. The prospect of Martin chewing out umpires and lighting a fire beneath the highly paid team—its \$72.5 million payroll is by far the biggest in baseball—would mean immediate box-office returns.

"Billy is the man for the job," Steinbrenner said through clenched teeth, announcing he had signed Martin to a contract worth more than \$1.8 million—not including the use of a chauffeured limousine complete with television, telephone and bar. Deep down he knew that Billy would again self-destruct in a couple of months, perhaps a year or two years. He only hoped that the Yankees would have regrouped their forces before the inevitable occurred.

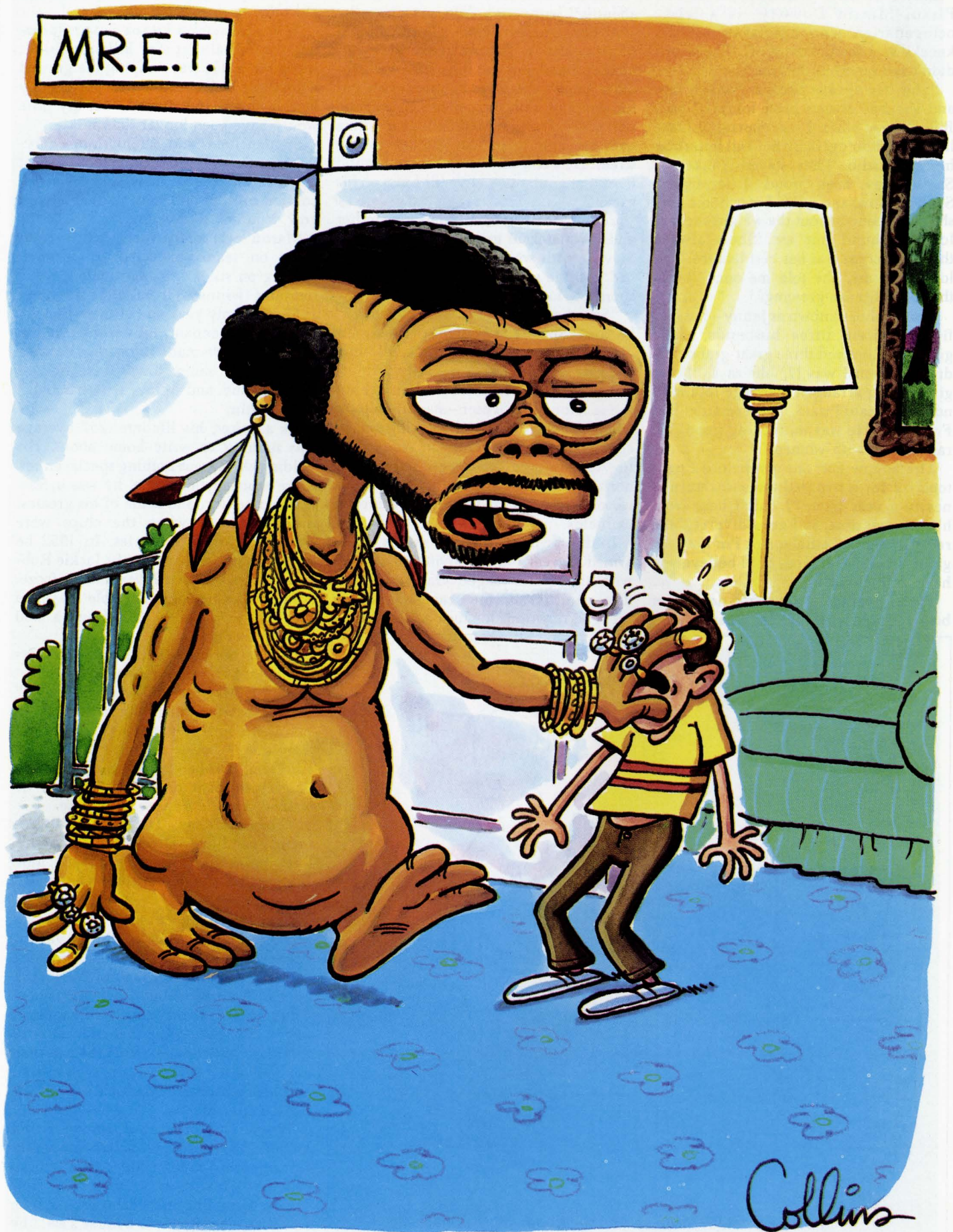
* * *

"Billy is always a man struggling to prove himself," a New York psychiatrist once noted. "He always has to be on top and gain recognition. He is hungry for it. He cannot cope with defeat. Defeat is too personal. It reminds him of his beginnings, his early poverty, his shabby clothes, his lack of a father. Defeat is always the end of his life for that day."

Alfred Manuel Martin, the name that appears in the baseball records books, was actually born Alfred Manual Pisani in the upstairs bedroom of a small two-story home in Berkeley, California. Then as now it is a neighborhood of Italians, blacks, Mexican-Americans and poor whites. Trash? Not in the Southern, red-neck definition of the word. These people work. They stay off welfare rolls. They meet their expenses. They have links to the old country and a fierce pride in the new. They'll knock you on your ass for making fun of Ronald Reagan or wearing an American flag as a T-shirt.



"You fuck like a rabbit. A Volkswagen Rabbit!"



"Outa the way, wimp. I gotta use your phone!"

Billy's mother—Joan Amelia Salvini Pisani Martin Downey—is a feisty octogenarian who has taken all the knocks and fought them off. The acorn didn't fall far from the tree.

"She has always been a Yankee fan, and she has always been for me," says Billy. "Even when I was managing Oakland, she didn't give up her call letters on her CB radio. They stayed Yankee 1. She's always been proud of her figure. She's 82 now, and when I was home last, she complained about the weight she was losing around her ass. She's always thought her ass was her best feature. 'I'm losing my ass,' she told me once, 'but I think my tits are growing.'"

Joan—who is known as Jenny—has had five children, three husbands, eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. "When I was 17," she says, "I was given in an arranged marriage to a man named Donato Pisani, a fisherman in San Francisco. He was no fucking good. He ran around with women."

The couple had one son before Pisani took off for a trip to Italy and returned nearly a year later. "I didn't hear from him all that time; so I got a divorce," she recalls. "I'm a Catholic, but I'm not religious. I believe in God, but I believe you have to live too."

Pisani eventually was shot dead after being caught cheating in a card game.

"Didn't bother me none when I heard about it," Jenny says. "He was a bum."

A Portuguese named Alfred Manual Martin, also a fisherman, became her next husband and was Billy's father. "Another bum," she says. "I threw him out for sleeping with the college girls at the university. First I busted up his car with a hammer and threw his clothes in the street. He's still alive somewhere around here. I'm gonna stay alive till I piss on his grave."

Young Martin was raised by his mother and his maternal grandmother, Raefella Salvini, with whom he slept in the same bed until he was 15. Mrs. Salvini was responsible for his nickname.

"She thought I was a beautiful baby," he says. "She used to call me in the streets *Bellis, Bellis*, Italian for 'beautiful'—and the kids started calling me Billy."

The adult Martin likes to think of himself as a lone gunfighter—standing up for what he feels is right by taking on all comers. He usually dresses in Western attire to reinforce the image. But he was not all that tough as a child. Street fights were rare. Most of his battles came on ballfields.

In the spring of 1946 the skinny, long-armed 18-year-old was invited to a tryout with the minor-league Oakland Oaks. The manager of the team was Casey Stengel, down on his luck after mugging

several big-league jobs. Stengel told the kid to go to third base.

"Then he started hitting fungos [practice ground balls] at me," Billy recalls. "It was a bitch. He was scraping the ground with those balls, and I was putting my face in them. If I missed one, my nose would have been longer than it is."

Stengel later said, "I hit him everything you could, and then he looked up at me with his face all dirty, and the sweat coming off him and said, 'Is that all you got?' You had to love him."

Martin eventually spent nearly eight years on teams managed by Stengel, playing on six minor- and major-league pennant winners from 1951 through 1957. The only year one of these Stengel teams lost a pennant, Billy was serving in the Army. "We made it together because we were the same: tough, take no shit from anyone, and in love with baseball," says Martin.

As a batter, his lifetime .257 average was nothing to write home about. His fielding ability was nothing special either. More than anything else, he was a fearless competitor, and some of his greatest moments came when the chips were down in the World Series. In 1952 he made a memorable catch of a Jackie Robinson popup while his teammates froze. And he was the Most Valuable Player of the 1953 Series with 12 hits and a .500 batting average.

During his rookie season three years earlier he had been befriended by superstar Joe DiMaggio, who needed a "bobo." (That's baseball lingo for a flunkie—a run-of-the-mill player who protects a star from the excessive demands of fans and admirers.) DiMaggio was usually treated like a president or a senator when he walked into the Yankee clubhouse.

"They'd all say, 'Hi, Joe,'" Billy remembers. "I just yelled, 'Hey, Dago!' He liked me 'cause I was honest with him. Besides, he could recognize class when he saw it."

The following season, Martin was showing Mickey Mantle—then a gawky, country-boy rookie from Oklahoma—the dark, entertaining corners of New York he had learned about from DiMaggio. Thus began a drinking, womanizing, fast-living relationship that endures until this day. "Mickey is closer to me than anybody else," Martin says. "He's a guy I consider a brother." Mantle's son Billy is named after Martin.

When Commissioner Bowie Kuhn kicked Mantle out of baseball last winter for accepting a \$100,000-a-year public-relations job with an Atlantic City, New Jersey, gambling establishment, Martin was enraged. "Bowie is a horse's ass," he fumed. "How could he do such a thing after all Mickey has meant to the game."



"It's my new diet. Marge serves me dinner in the nude, and I lose my appetite!"



Mickey had to take the job. His kid has cancer. The hospital bills are incredible."

Martin, Mantle and pitcher Whitey Ford—close off-the-field friends who called themselves "The Three Musketeers"—were among several other Yankees on hand at New York's Copacabana nightclub in 1957 for an appearance of Sammy Davis Jr., a friend of the players. Things got nasty when a group of drunken bowlers at an adjoining table began calling Davis a nigger.

"It wasn't that so much as the disturbance they were making," recalls Hank Bauer, then a Yankee outfielder. "After a while it got to be too much."

Bauer asked one of Davis's hecklers to settle matters in the kitchen, and when they returned, the bowler was in bad shape. "I think he slipped and hit his head on a doorknob," Martin wisecracked. Moments later a brawl broke out inside the club, pitting the Yankees against the bowlers. In an unaccustomed role, Martin held back the combatants rather than swinging his own fists.

Police finally broke up the melee and arrested Bauer—who was eventually exonerated when a grand jury refused to press charges. But ironically, because of his reputation as a troublemaker and disruptive influence on younger players, Martin was unfairly blamed for the incident by Yankee general manager George

Weiss. Less than a month later he was sold to the Kansas City Athletics.

"Weiss wanted to get rid of me all the time," he says. "This was an excuse. He never liked me. I was too tough for him, not his kind of Yankee, not a guy he could shove around. I wasn't scared of him. He knew Casey always stuck up for me. That pissed him off."

Martin wasn't much of a player after leaving New York, bouncing from Kansas City to Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee and Minnesota. In 1960 he drifted to the National League's Cincinnati Reds, and during a game with Chicago was sent sprawling to the ground to avoid a tight pitch thrown by left-hander Jim Brewer. After the next pitch Martin's bat went soaring toward the pitcher's mound.

Billy had a smile on his face as he went to retrieve his bat. Brewer moved slowly off the mound, holding his hands at his sides. Suddenly, Martin decked the southpaw with a right hand. "I saw his fist cocked," he said, "so I punched him."

Brewer wound up in a hospital intensive-care unit with a broken bone under his eye. Martin was fined \$500 and suspended for five days without pay, but his tough-guy reputation benefited.

Six years passed before Martin was served with legal papers asking damages exceeding \$1.1 million. "How does he want it, cash or check?" Billy quipped.

The legal hassle dragged on for nearly six more years before a jury awarded Brewer \$25,000—a sum later reduced to \$10,000.

"I met Billy at Cincinnati," recalls coach Lee Walls. "He was done as a player then, but you knew he'd manage someday. He picked everybody's brains—the managers, the coaches, the general managers. He was the damndest student of the game I ever saw. He still is.

"When we lose a game, he gets all the coaches together, and we go over everything. Was there something we didn't do? Was there some lack in our preparation? He doesn't get hurt when the other guy is simply better that day. But a mistake really kills him. He's always emphasizing preparation. We've downed a few until four or five in the morning talking about preparation."

Baseball isn't brain surgery; so lots of people succeed in the sport not because they know the game better than anyone else but because they do a better job of promoting their own abilities. Nobody ever did that more skillfully than Billy—a storyteller and charmer who revels in the hard-drinking, tough-talking masculine world of baseball, where players' dugout, clubhouse and barroom conversations typically deal with picking up girls, fucking them and bragging about how many times they came.

Some legendary orgies are still fondly remembered by dozens of ex-Yankees. "Billy had this one hang-up," says a former teammate who played with Martin following his first divorce. "He always loved to watch you fuck, but he didn't like it if you watched him."

* * *

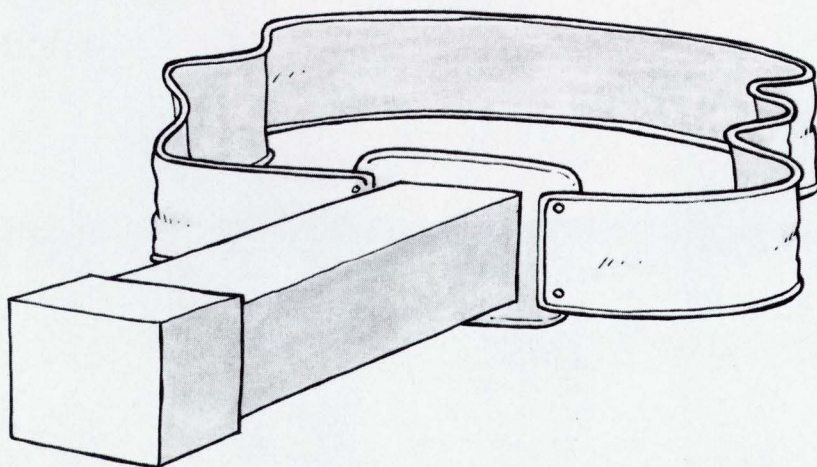
After Martin's playing career ended in 1962, Minnesota Twins owner Calvin Griffith kept Martin around as a coach, scout and front-office trainee for six years. Billy desperately wanted to manage, but he also knew not to push. Finally, Griffith made him field boss of the Twins' top minor-league team, and when mild-mannered Minnesota manager Cal Ermer was fired after the 1968 season, Billy took over.

Martin lasted only one year in Minnesota, but it was a hell of a season. His team won the newly created Western Division title in the American League. He also punched out pitcher Dave Boswell, traveling secretary Howard Fox and a couple of sportswriters.

Boswell, Martin and Bob Allison, a brute of an outfielder, were all drinking at a place called the Lindell A.C. in Detroit. When Boswell and Allison got into a heated argument over a woman and stepped outside to settle their differences, Billy followed them, wanting to prevent a fight. But when Boswell raised his right

(continued on page 48)

A CANADIAN DILDO



JUANE TINGLO



MICHELLE

*Erotic
Daydreamer*

Photography by Matti Klatt

I'm always daydreaming about sex," admits Michelle. "I was laid off from my job last year; so I have plenty of time to do it." This 19-year-old temptress is only too happy to reveal her favorite fantasy: "I'm alone in this room, and out of nowhere a huge man appears over me. I am helpless to resist. He forces his enormous cock into my mouth, and I feel it in my throat. Then I lick him wet and slick, tugging at the base of his cock while I suck the tip until I taste his cum. Incredibly, he gets even harder, and I feel him enter me, thrusting recklessly. I come again and again, but he's still not through. He turns me around and works his giant cock into my asshole. I feel no pain, only a pleasure that's impossible to describe. And it always ends with him exploding his cum on my face. I love it!"













PROFILE: BILLY MARTIN

(continued from page 40)

hand menacingly, Martin punched him twice against a brick wall. The pitcher woke up in a hospital; yet he still managed to win 20 games that season.

"I was drunk," Boswell said.

"I had a couple myself," Billy later admitted.

As the season's pressures grew, traveling secretary Fox—a middle-aged man who wore glasses—had some words with Martin on a team flight. Later they wound up fighting in a hotel lobby after Fox made Martin wait before handing out his hotel room key.

As was his style, Martin also crossed over a finely defined line in his daily chores by attempting to sway Griffith on personnel changes—a no-no for managers. He mistakenly believed that winning allowed him more control of the club. By the end of the season he was packing his bags and looking for other work.

"Billy's a very warm guy," says Griffith, who still drinks with his ex-manager when the Yankees come to town. "I liked him a lot. Still do. I just had to fire him because he went too far a few times. Actually, he fired himself."

Another baseball executive with positive feelings about Martin is Jim Campbell, the Detroit Tigers' general manager

who fired him in 1973 after he won another division title. "I really enjoy being with Billy," he says. "He's a hell of a guy."

Then why did he can him?

"It was just time," Campbell says.

Martin's two-year stay with the Texas Rangers was filled with characteristic fights and furor. He was fired after complaining to the press that he couldn't win a pennant with the players owner Brad Corbett was "forcing" on him.

Meanwhile, George Steinbrenner was unhappy with the Yankees' poor showing midway through the 1975 season, attributing it to uninspired managerial leadership. Martin's departure from Texas gave him a bright idea.

"That man is a fiery manager," he told his top assistant. "Let's get him."

Martin was too choked up to talk when he received the news. "This is the only job I ever wanted," he finally said, gasping for breath as tears formed in his eyes. "The only job. The Yankee job."

His first two tours of duty in what New York sportswriters call "The Bronx Zoo" involved a clash of incredible egos—those of Steinbrenner, Martin and highly paid slugger Reggie Jackson.

Martin's most celebrated public confrontation with Jackson took place in June 1977, when the outfielder was chewed out for lackadaisically chasing a fly ball

and removed from a game. While a fascinated national television audience watched, the two men exchanged heated words, and Martin had to be restrained from attacking Jackson in the dugout. Later he insisted that the slugger be suspended. But Steinbrenner refused, and Billy resented it.

The following season, Martin finally did suspend Jackson for insubordination after he bunted for a third strike when ordered to hit away. A week later Billy sulked as the press and the public greeted Jackson's return to the team with a rousing ovation.

Martin's mood did not improve as the Yankees continued to lose more games than they won. It worsened when he heard that Steinbrenner had contemplated trading him for Chicago White Sox manager Bob Lemon.

While waiting for a delayed charter flight, he spent more time than usual stewing in the press room, drinking cup after cup of straight scotch. Then, as he walked through the airport, he made the mistake of bluntly assessing the merits of Jackson and Steinbrenner to a newspaper reporter.

"The two of them deserve each other. One's a born liar," Martin said, "and the other is convicted."

(Steinbrenner had pleaded no contest to a 1974 charge of illegal campaign contributions to the committee to re-elect President Nixon and was fined \$15,000.)

Not surprisingly, Steinbrenner hit the roof when his manager's comments appeared in print. The next afternoon, in an emotional scene, Martin stood on the balcony of a Kansas City hotel wearing dark glasses and announced his "resignation."

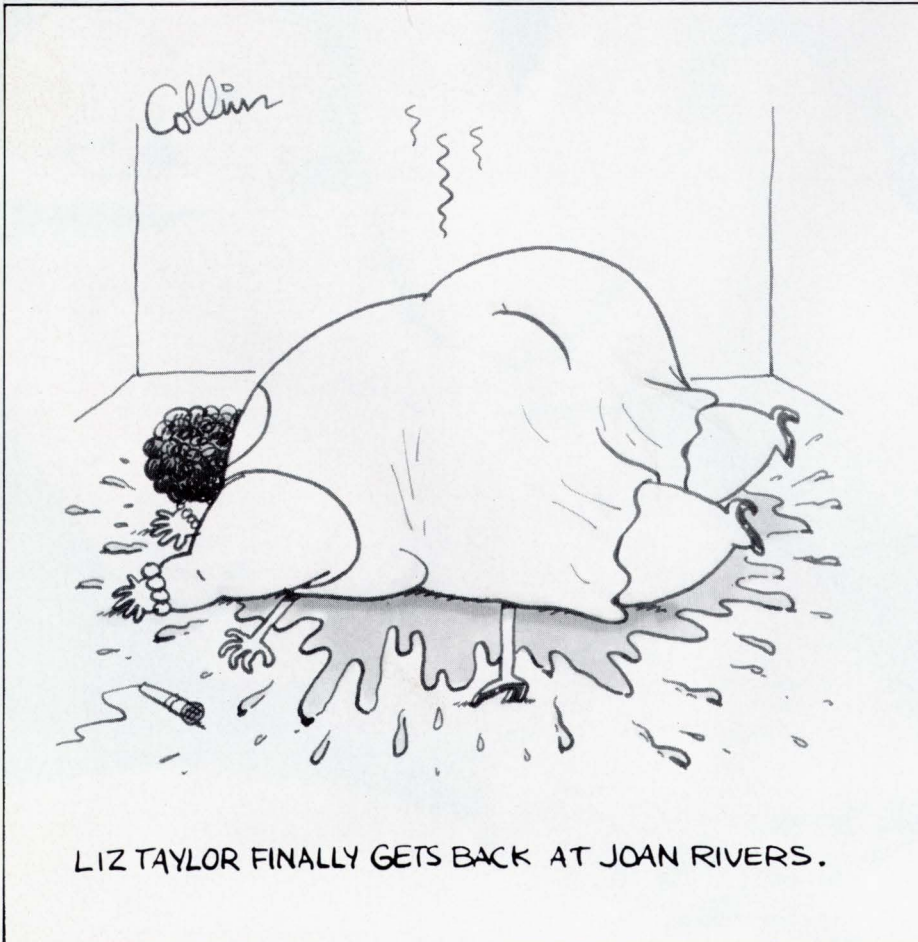
"I owe it to my health and my mental stability to resign," he said, hanging his head. "I won't answer any questions . . . now and forever because I'm a Yankee, and Yankees don't talk or throw rocks."

What Martin wasn't talking about was his relationship with Jackson. Others were more vocal. "Reggie was an uppity black to Billy," said Elston Howard, the first black to play for the Yankees. "He couldn't stand that. When Billy is being pushed, all he sees is black, Jew or whatever."

Although there can be no denying some racial aspects in the Martin-Jackson feuds, Billy's race record strongly contradicts Howard's opinion. The real problem lies in the fact that over and over again, Billy must demonstrate who is boss. It can only be him. A sign hanging over his desk reads: "WORK RULES: 1.—The Boss is always right. 2.—If Boss is wrong, see 1."

* * *

Staging a remarkable comeback that
(continued on page 52)



LIZ TAYLOR FINALLY GETS BACK AT JOAN RIVERS.

Mein Scrapbook

Dear Reader,
While searching for new models in the jungles of Paraguay, HUSTLER came across a plane wreck that sat untouched for more than 35 years! Amazingly, the plane's contents were in perfect condition and among them--Hitler's scrapbook! Hitler's diaries were a forgery, but HUSTLER has found the real thing! And we're offering the entire scrapbook to any interested party for a mere \$4 million. A cheap price to pay for a real piece of history.



ME AT ONE AND A HALF. WHAT A CUTE SCHNITZEL, EH?



MAMA SAID THAT EVEN AS A YOUNGSTER I USED TO LOVE TO PUT THINGS INTO OVENS.

HERE I AM PLAYING "DOCTOR" WITH IZZY COHEN. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY ANESTHETIC, SO I USED ROPES. I LEARNED THAT FROM LITTLE JOSEF MENGELE NEXT DOOR.



MY FIRST YOUTH GANG. WE DIDN'T PLAY WITH THE OTHER KIDS... WE PLAYED ON THE OTHER KIDS.



MY PRIZE WINNING SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT—GAS POWERED SHOWERS. IN LATER YEARS I FOUND THIS IDEA NOT ONLY EFFICIENT BUT PROFITABLE TOO. I KNOW SOME JEWS WHO REALLY CLEANED UP ON IT.

MY FIRST JOB WAS SELLING NEWSPAPERS, BUT FINDING PAPERS TO SELL WASN'T EASY. WHY DOES A BLIND MAN NEED SO MANY ANYWAY?

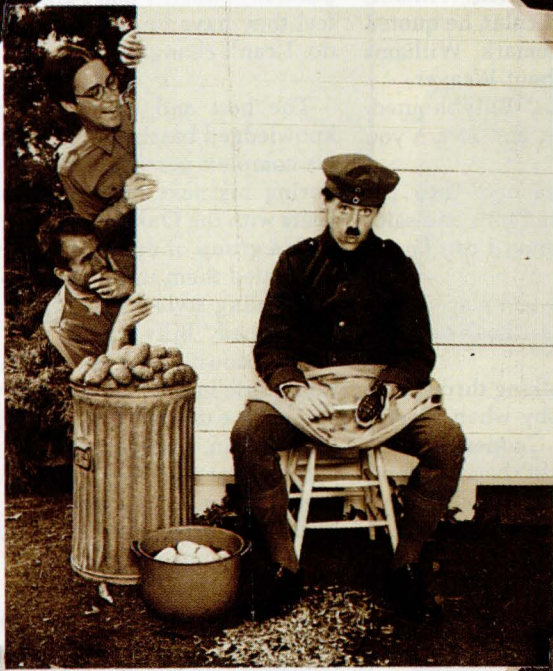


I LIKED TO YELL SO MUCH, THE SCHOOL MADE ME A CHEERLEADER. IT WAS HERE THAT I FIRST LEARNED HOW TO AROUSE A CROWD! IT WAS ALSO HERE THAT I FIRST LEARNED THAT I LIKED TO WEAR SKIRTS.



ME AND HEIDI FINKELSTEIN. A REAL "PRINCESS". SHE WOULDN'T GO ALL THE WAY WITH ME... SO SHE WENT ALL THE WAY TO AUSCHWITZ IN '39.

MY FIRST RUBBER. I NEVER HAD TO PULL OUT AGAIN UNTIL RUSSIA.



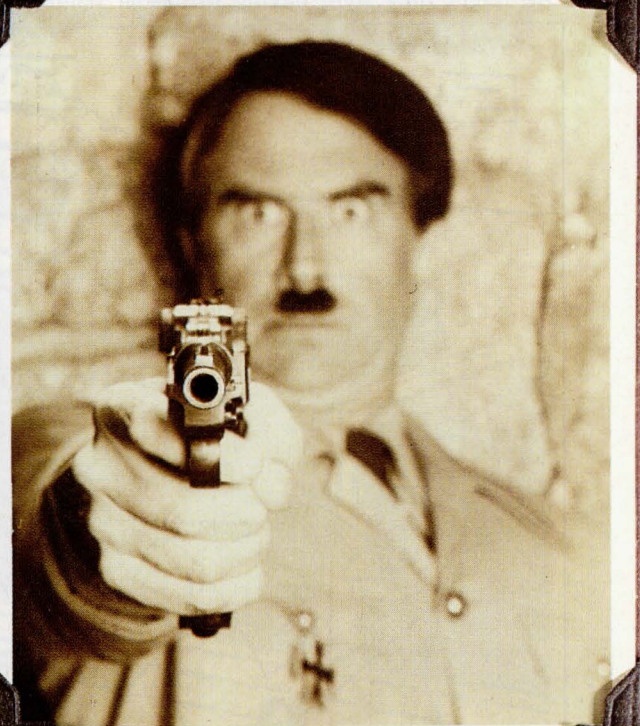
HERE I AM ABOUT TO RECEIVE MY WOUND IN WORLD WAR I. HANS AND FRITZ PLAYED A JOKE BY PUTTING A LIVE GRENADE IN WITH THE POTATOES. HA-HA. EVEN AS LAMPSHADES THOSE TWO STILL BRING MUCH LIGHT INTO MY LIFE.



AN EVEN BETTER JOKE FROM EICHMANN IN 1943. HE WANTS TO KNOW WHICH EVA AND I PREFER WITH OUR MEAL- A GOOD FRENCH OR JEWISH "WHINE"!



I PAINT MY FIRST "STILL LIFE."



MY LAST PICTURE, TAKEN BY EVA IN THE BERLIN BUNKER. HER LAST PICTURE ALSO. SHE ALWAYS HATED SOUTH AMERICA ANYWAY. "LA CUCARACHA, LA CUCARACHA...."

PROFILE: BILLY MARTIN

(continued from page 48)

brought them from last place on July 4, the 1978 Yankees won the American League pennant and the World Series under the replacement manager Martin had publicly belittled—Bob Lemon. While he was out of the picture, Billy still remained in the limelight. He abruptly ended a November interview by punching a Nevada newspaper reporter in the eye—a blow that eventually cost him \$7,500 in an out-of-court settlement.

Martin made even bigger headlines the following June when an impatient Steinbrenner decided to shake up the Yankees—then mired in third place and playing sloppily—by bringing Billy back. The owner had spoken of a different Billy Martin at the press conference announcing his signing. Billy had promised him that he would avoid bars.

Saddened by Thurman Munson's death, the Yankees finished the 1979 season in fourth place, a disappointing 13½ games behind Baltimore. "We're going to have a hell of a team next year," Martin promised. "We'll win it. Nobody can intimidate the Yankees."

Early in December he returned from a hunting trip to visit a longtime friend, Chinese-restaurant owner Howard Wong. One night they were having drinks at

the Hotel de France bar in Bloomington, Minnesota. Martin was dressed in his typical western garb. "I'll always be the gunfighter," he once said. "Everybody wants to try me."

Sure enough, a husky six-foot-tall marshmallow salesman named Joseph Cooper soon began taunting Martin about baseball managers Dick Williams and Earl Weaver. In particular, he quoted an uncomplimentary remark Williams had supposedly made about Weaver.

"Williams is an asshole," Billy shouted. "They are both assholes, and so are you for saying it."

Martin suddenly reached into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills and said, "Here's \$500 to your penny I can knock you on your ass."

Cooper found a penny and placed it on top of the five \$100 bills. "Let's go," the salesman said.

The two men were walking through an archway toward the lobby when Martin abruptly turned and hit Cooper flush on the mouth with a right hand. Blood spilled over the marshmallow salesman's clothes from a huge split on his lip.

"I never hit him, George," Martin told Steinbrenner after the story made newspapers across the country. "Sure I hit him," he later admitted. "If I didn't hit him, he would have hit me."

In a few days Steinbrenner fired Mar-

tin, largely for lying about the incident. "One of these days Billy will go after a guy, and the guy will have a knife," the owner observed. "Then we'll read, 'Manager of Yankees killed in bar brawl.' I had to fire him to prevent that."

"I don't look for fights," Martin insists. "But I am not going to back away from one either. I don't know why people feel they have to challenge me, but they do. I can't change that."

* * *

The best and worst of Martin's acknowledged baseball abilities—as well as his complex personality—were apparent during his next managerial stint, three years with the Oakland A's. At his best he took a group of demoralized players and motivated them into winners by creating an exciting style of play that sportswriters dubbed "Billy Ball."

"It's down-in-the-dirt hustle, execution, pride in the letters across your chest and not the dollars that line your pocket," said Martin, explaining Billy Ball. "It's taking what the other guy gives you and making him give you more than he wants. It's remembering every card played. It's never letting up."

The A's were the standout American League Western Division team in the 1970s before ill-advised trades and the failure to sign free-agent stars made them also-rans. Martin had been hired to recapture past glories, and right away he led them into second place—a remarkable improvement after their last-place finish in 1979.

The following year he had the team physically and psychologically ready for a fast start. They responded by running off 11 straight wins at the beginning of the season and went on to win the division title.

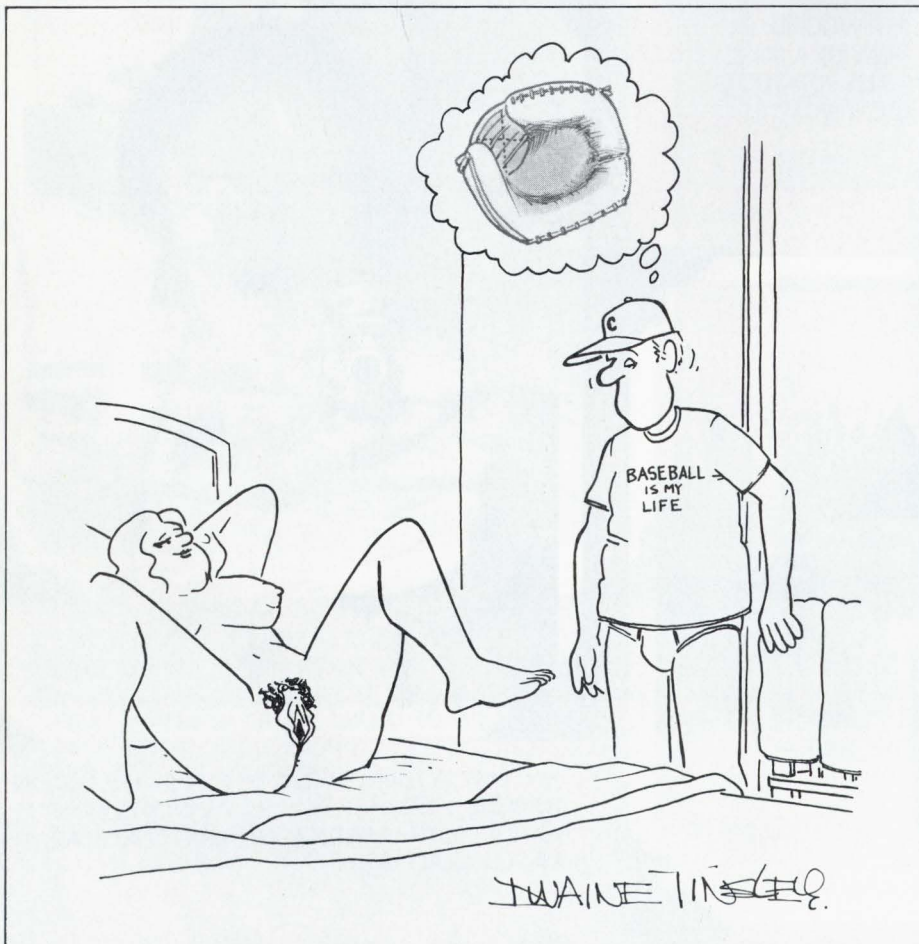
"I've got a nice thing going here," Martin said. "I've got a five-year contract. For the first time in my life I've got some security."

But within 18 months all he had going for himself in Oakland was memories. By August 1982 the team was virtually eliminated from the pennant race largely because of questionable strategy—Martin had pushed his few good pitchers to a point of exhaustion. For some perverse reason he chose this unlikely time to ask Oakland owner Roy Eisenhardt to extend his contract.

When Eisenhardt refused to even discuss the matter, the dark side of Martin emerged. He locked himself in his office and flew into a rage—turning over his desk, ripping apart a chair, punching holes in the walls and breaking his sink and toilet.

A month later, disgusted by an Oakland error during the course of a double-

(continued on page 134)



XES

DOOR MATS

LET'S FUCK

GIVEME
HEAD

SUCK MY
COCK

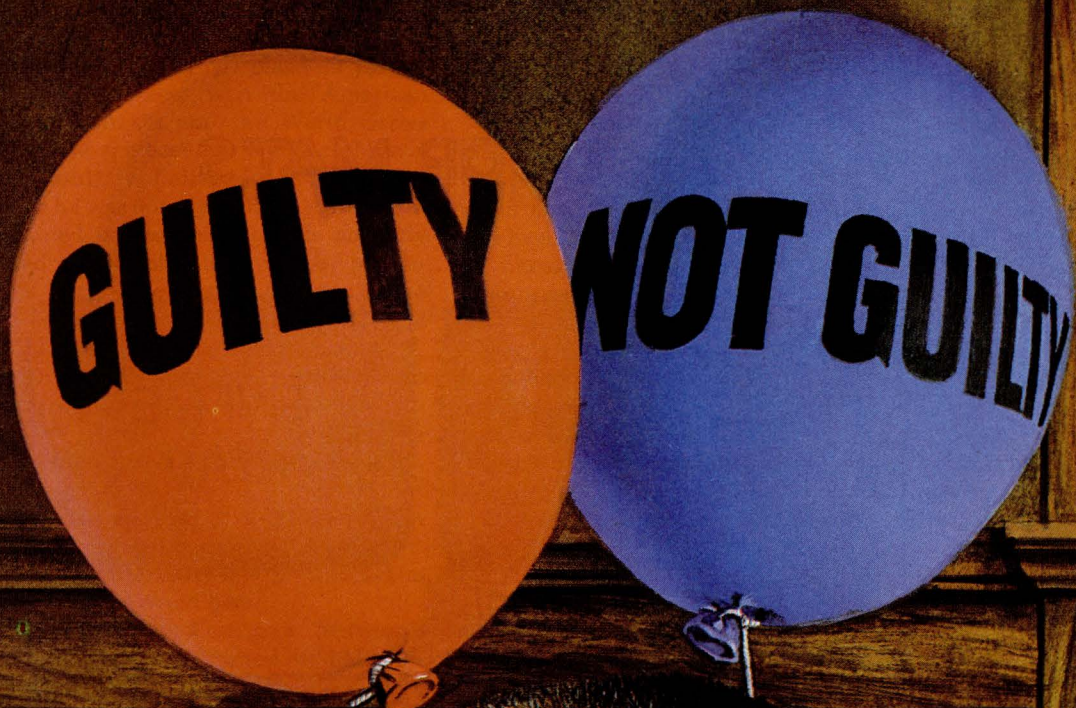
WE SWING

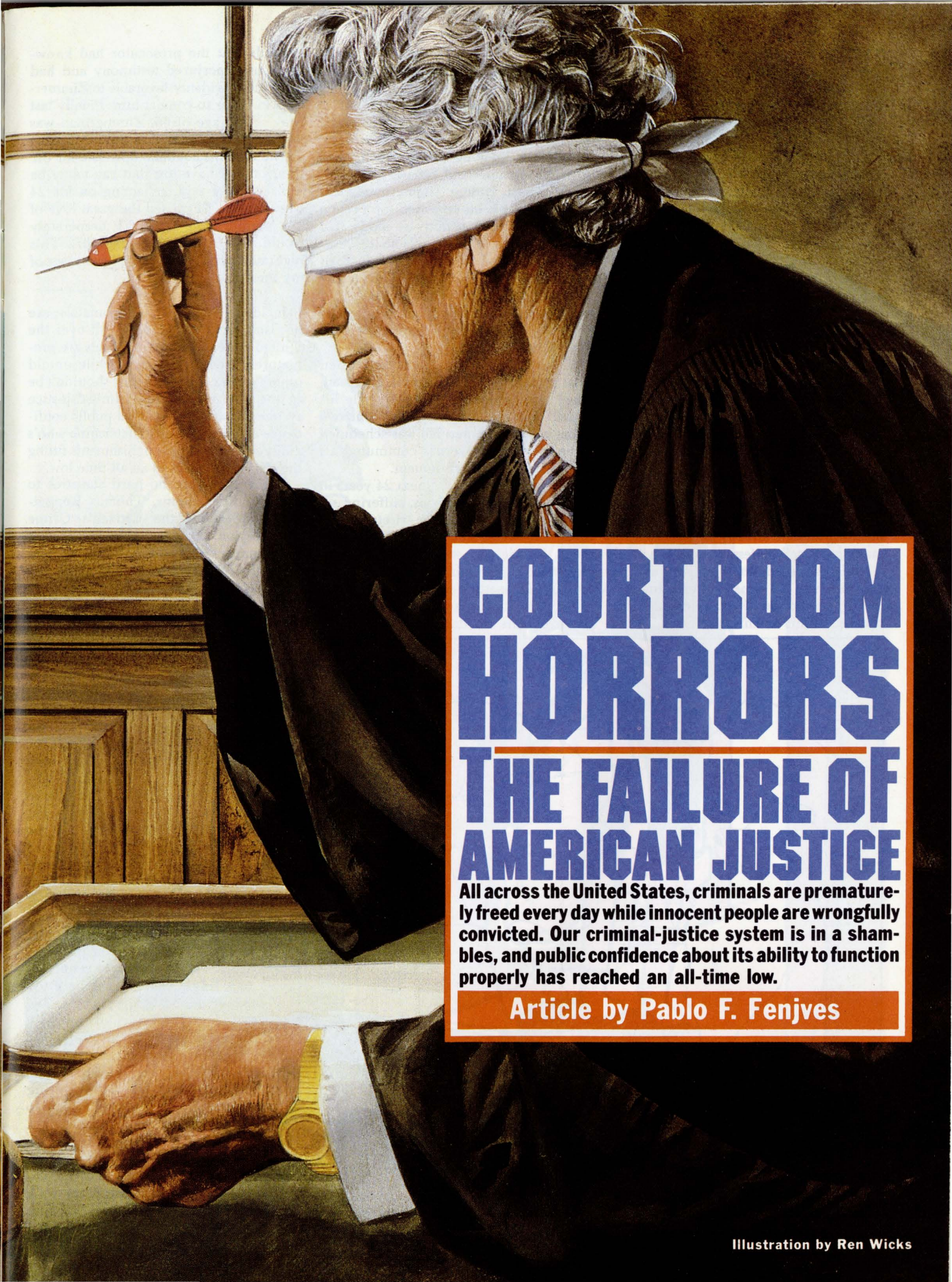
WE SWING

LET'S FUCK

Trosken

"Got any with just plain 'Welcome'?"





COURTROOM HORRORS THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN JUSTICE

All across the United States, criminals are prematurely freed every day while innocent people are wrongfully convicted. Our criminal-justice system is in a shambles, and public confidence about its ability to function properly has reached an all-time low.

Article by Pablo F. Fenjves

The question of guilt was never in doubt. James McLain had saved the taxpayers of Maryland a lot of money for a lengthy trial by pleading guilty to murdering his girlfriend's infant son. The simple crime of passion should have been, as they say in the movies, an open-and-shut case. McLain should be a lifer in the state penitentiary; instead, he is walking the streets today, a free man.

The facts of the case were also unquestionable. Back in 1976 McLain discovered that his girlfriend was seeing another man. He stormed over to her place in a rage, grabbed the baby and immediately threw him into an 11th-floor trash chute. Ten-month-old Phil Thomas never had a chance.

When McLain finally calmed down, he turned himself in and signed a confession. He was sentenced to life in prison. Then after his third year behind bars a peculiar thing occurred in a case wholly unrelated to McLain's. The Maryland Court of Appeals decided that a defendant's confession is valid only if it is made within 24 hours of the arrest. In addition, the court made the ruling retroactive, meaning anyone already incarcerated for making a "late" confession would be freed.

McLain had admitted his guilt exactly 24 hours and 12 minutes after being formally arrested. So he was released—only because of this technicality.

"It was a travesty of justice," recalls Bill Swisher, the Baltimore attorney who worked on the case. "McLain was obviously a confessed guilty man. If it hadn't been for that technicality, he'd still be in jail. Instead, the imbecile is walking around thinking he can throw infants down trash chutes and get away with it."

In contrast, Isidore Zimmerman spent the prime of his life in prison for a crime he knew nothing about—let alone had any part in. In 1937 he was an 18-year-old kid who had just received a football scholarship to Columbia University when he and three others were sentenced to die in Sing Sing's electric chair for participating in the shooting death of a New York City cop.

A year later Zimmerman had eaten what was to be his last meal on Death Row, and guards had already slit his trouser legs for the electrodes. But two hours before Zimmerman was scheduled to be fried, the governor commuted his sentence to life imprisonment.

Zimmerman spent the next 24 years in maximum-security prisons, suffering severe beatings and long stretches on bread-and-water diets in solitary confinement. His despair was so great that he once tried to commit suicide by banging his head against the wall of his cell.

Then, in 1961, the state's highest court threw out his murder conviction on the

grounds that the prosecutor had knowingly used perjured testimony and had suppressed evidence favorable to Zimmerman in order to convict him. Finally last May, at the age of 66, Zimmerman was awarded \$1 million in damages.

"No amount could compensate for the things that I have lost that can never be replaced," he said, reflecting on his 24 wasted years. "I missed the great love of my mother and father. I desperately would have loved to be a father. . . . This nightmare will stay with me for the rest of my life."

* * *

Incidents like these, unfortunately, are not isolated or uncommon. All over the United States scores of criminals are prematurely freed every day, while untold others rot in cells where they shouldn't be in the first place. Our criminal-justice system is in a shambles, and public confidence about its ability to determine who's guilty and to mete out punishments fitting the crimes has reached an all-time low.

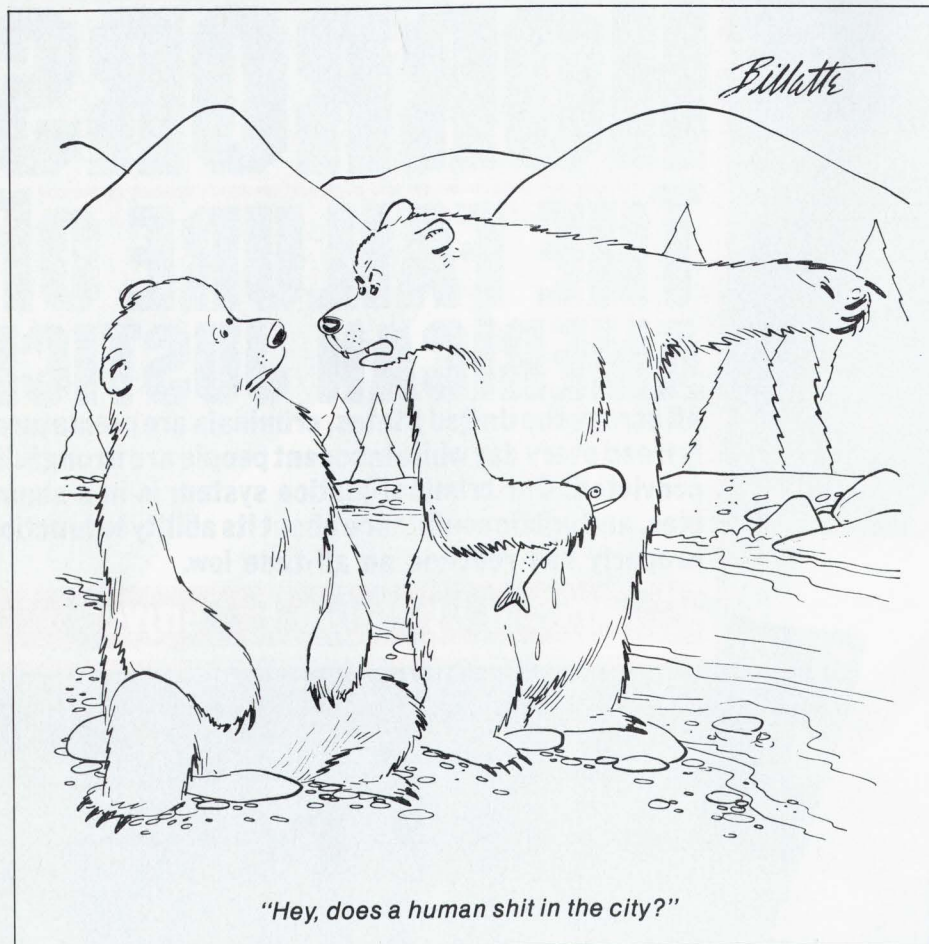
While there are no hard statistics to support these claims, Thomas Reppetto—president of the Citizen's Crime Commission of New York—insists that the number of cases coming back to haunt the courts has easily doubled in the past decade.

Patrick Healy, executive director of the Chicago Crime Commission, concurs. "Until we challenge, question and finally change the judiciary, we're going to keep seeing more and more of these travesties," he says. "Either we learn to do things right the first time around, or we continue to tie up the courts with an ever-growing number of repeat cases."

Meanwhile, the public is increasingly alarmed by relaxed parole procedures—prompted in part by the need to relieve dangerously overcrowded prisons—that have put hardened criminals back on the streets. People like Charles Manson and Sirhan Sirhan are now eligible for parole. "Onion Field" cop killer Jimmy Lee Smith was released from prison after serving just 18 years, before being returned on a narcotics violation.

Our system of Anglo-Saxon justice is in such disarray that its failure cannot be traced to a single cause. Judges are too lazy, too lenient and ignorant of the law, say prosecutors. Lawbooks are woefully outdated and in need of revision toward tougher penalties, lawmen contend.

Civil-rights leaders, on the other hand, warn that individual liberties are being recklessly trampled by police willing to bend the law in order to make arrests. Finally, the public has come to the realization that many law-enforcement officials are either inadequate or incompetent. All too often prosecutors walk into courtrooms unprepared because



"Hey, does a human shit in the city?"



"The other tenants are complaining about the screaming!"

arresting officers have given them flimsy evidence.

As a result of all these factors, miscarriage-of-justice stories have surfaced in recent years with stunning regularity. The case of John W. Hinckley Jr., the lovesick rich boy who shot President Reagan supposedly to win the heart of movie star Jodie Foster, serves as a classic example. After eight weeks of courtroom drama, his high-priced lawyers persuaded the jury that Hinckley was suffering from "mental disease or defect"—thereby avoiding a long stretch in the penitentiary.

The resulting public outrage was overwhelming. "The insanity plea continues to be a mockery of justice and makes about as much sense as the 'premenstrual stress' or 'Twinkies' defenses," noted a *San Francisco Chronicle* reader who expressed the displeasure of most Americans. "If Hinckley or anyone else for that matter is sane enough to commit a crime, then they're sane enough to answer for it."

Instead, Hinckley has become something of a celebrity as publications such as the *National Enquirer* and the *New York Post* eagerly print his prose and poetry written from the cushy confines of a Washington, D.C., hospital.

Sometimes public outcry can have a meaningful impact. That's what happened when Joseph "JoJo" Giordanni, a

565-pound New Jersey steakhouse owner convicted of raping a 14-year-old girl, was freed from prison for weight-related health reasons after serving just one week of his 15-year term.

Widespread media attention made the judge reconsider the releasing of Giorgianni, and eventually he reversed his decision. As court officers led the obese prisoner from the Trenton, New Jersey, courthouse to a waiting police van after the hearing, county employees leaned from the windows of the five-story building, cheering and clapping.

For once, at least, the bad guy hadn't slipped through the loopholes of the system. But as the following instances will attest, this was the exception rather than the rule:

★ Although he didn't commit homicide in the strictest definition of the law, 34-year-old Harry Rose did indeed take the life of a 14-year-old girl when his pickup truck collided with a car while he was driving under the influence of alcohol. After the jury found him guilty, the sentence handed down by Judge Joel Aurnau of the Westchester County Court in White Plains, New York, defied belief. He ordered Rose "not to be publicly intoxicated, even as a pedestrian, for one year." Rose didn't have to spend one day in jail.

★ Following the shooting death of a

Boston taxi driver in October 1981, police apprehended David Coleman, 20, and John Evans, 21. Coleman was tried and acquitted on the murder charge. But two months later, while Evans stood trial for the same crime, a surprise witness sauntered into the courtroom. To the shock of the gallery, David Coleman revealed that he—and he alone—had put his .38-caliber revolver to the cabbie's head and squeezed the trigger.

"He just sat there, and I shot him," Coleman told the jury. Evans was also acquitted, and both men went scot-free because the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution prevents a defendant from being put in jeopardy twice for the same crime. Since Coleman had already been tried for the murder and acquitted, he was now free to confess with immunity.

"Coleman literally got away with murder," Suffolk County District Attorney Newman Flanagan told reporters after the proceedings. "This is a situation where you have a defendant who took advantage of one of the cornerstones of our great Constitution and fell through the cracks."

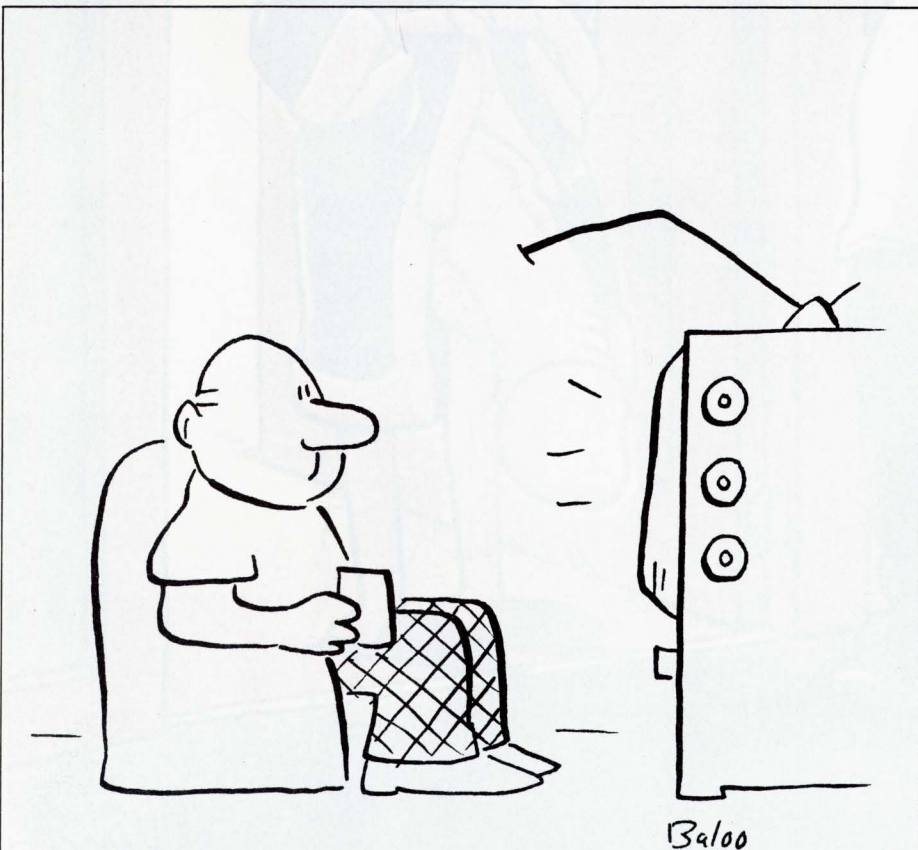
Flanagan blames the system, but that is too easy an explanation. Harvard Law School professor Alan M. Dershowitz, one of the country's leading experts on criminal law, has a different view of the outcome. Although Dershowitz is no fan of the system, in this case he points the guilty finger at the prosecutor.

"Flanagan botched the case," Dershowitz charges. "Coleman should have been more vigorously questioned about his prior statements regarding his innocence. If I had been the prosecutor, I would have asked him to divulge the details of his first trial. That would have revealed to the jury that he had initially maintained his innocence."

Dershowitz also believes that Coleman and Evans should have been tried together, a strategy that would have eliminated the Fifth Amendment loophole. "Knowing that the risk of this happening existed, I'm surprised that Flanagan agreed to separate trials," he says. "I think we're seeing too much inept prosecution by poorly prepared lawyers."

The ineptitude of the legal profession was graphically illustrated by a court case in Virginia Beach, Virginia, earlier this year. Defending Barbara Purcell, a client accused of check forgery, public defender Peter Legler advised her to plead guilty to the charge, and she was sentenced to 12 years behind bars. Afterward, Legler admitted that he was too preoccupied with the NCAA basketball championship game to give her proper counsel.

"I'll be damned if someone is going to suffer four or five years in the penitenti-



"An Administration spokesman, who asked not to be identified, today said that President Reagan eats shit and howls at the moon!"

WAIN TINSLEY.



"Hey! You two got a beef with one another, take it outside!"

ary because I was more concerned about going to a damn basketball game [than about her case]," he said remorsefully. "I've got rapists and career burglars who are serving only ten years in prison."

Legler asked that Purcell be allowed to withdraw her plea. But the judge refused, ordering the sentence be carried out.

Perhaps more than any one group, however, incompetent judges cast a dim light in the dismal state of our courtrooms. Often they are appointed rather than elected, and little attention is paid to their judicial qualifications. The standards by which someone is elevated to the exalted position of the bench are disgracefully hazy. There are no rules governing what makes a good judge. He is merely expected to know the law and interpret its fine print.

Take the case of Ralph Snodgrass in Wisconsin's Grant County Court. Judge William Reinecke (HUSTLER's May 1982 Asshole of the Month) found him guilty of raping a five-year-old girl, but he also thought that it wasn't entirely Snodgrass's fault. The judge felt that the husky, 24-year-old defendant had been enticed by "an unusually sexually promiscuous young lady." He ordered him sent back to his parents' farm, where for the next 90 days he served a relatively comfortable work-release sentence.

Snodgrass probably has already forgot-

ten the incident. His victim, however, will carry the emotional scars of the experience for the rest of her life. It was Reinecke's implausible opinion that the five-year-old was the sexual "aggressor."

★ The reputation of the judicial system was further tarnished by the bizarre actions of Alan I. Friess, a criminal-court judge in New York City—a metropolis usually known for its great legal minds. First he caused a sensation by inviting a woman accused of murder to spend Thanksgiving Day—and the preceding night—at his home rather than in jail. Another time he asked courtroom spectators to vote on the credibility of the plaintiff and the defendant.

When word circulated about the strange method he devised to determine the length of sentence in a misdemeanor case, nobody could believe it. Announcing that sentencing was an inexact science, Friess gave an 18-year-old pick-pocket named Jeffrey Jones an unusual opportunity.

"I'm prepared to allow you to decide your own fate, if you're a gambling man," he told him. "I'll permit you to flip a coin for that purpose."

If the quarter came up heads, Jones would spend 30 days in the Rikers Island correctional facility. Tails would mean only a 20-day sentence. The coin came up tails. For that moment, at least, the

once-exalted American legal system had been reduced to nothing more than a game of chance.

Last December, Friess resigned from the bench while misconduct charges against him were pending. And three months later the state Commission on Judicial Conduct barred him from ever again being a judge in New York. The commission said that Friess had "exhibited extraordinarily poor judgment, utter contempt for the process of law, and the grossest misunderstanding of the role and responsibility of a judge in our legal system."

"Judges are just plain lazy," complains Patrick Healy, executive director of the Chicago Crime Commission. "They don't spend enough time in the courts, and when they're there, they just try to get things over with as quickly as possible. The guy in the street knows the system isn't working."

One obvious problem is the discrepancy in criminal penalties from state to state. When one man gets 25 years for armed robbery and another gets off with probation, it makes people wonder how the system works—or if it works at all.

Roger Trenton Davis found himself victimized by that system when he was caught with nine ounces of marijuana in 1974. Davis, who is black, had been in trouble with the law before—serving a short stretch on a previous drug conviction. This time, however, the sentence of a Virginia court seemed unduly harsh: He got 40 years!

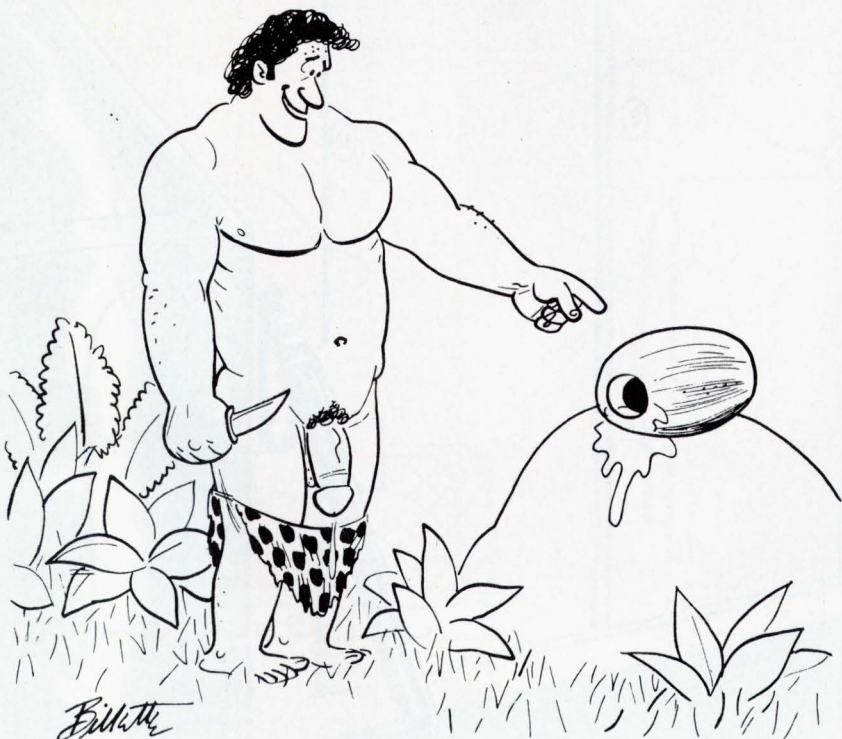
Since the maximum penalty for second-degree murder in that state is only 20 years, it made people wonder why Davis received twice as severe a sentence for what was clearly a much lesser offense.

"The fact is that Davis lived in a small town with very few blacks, and at the time he was dating a white woman," says Cham Kendrick, the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) lawyer who has handled Davis's appeals. "Combine that with the fact that he was part of a drug culture during an all-out war on drugs, and I guess that provides a partial explanation."

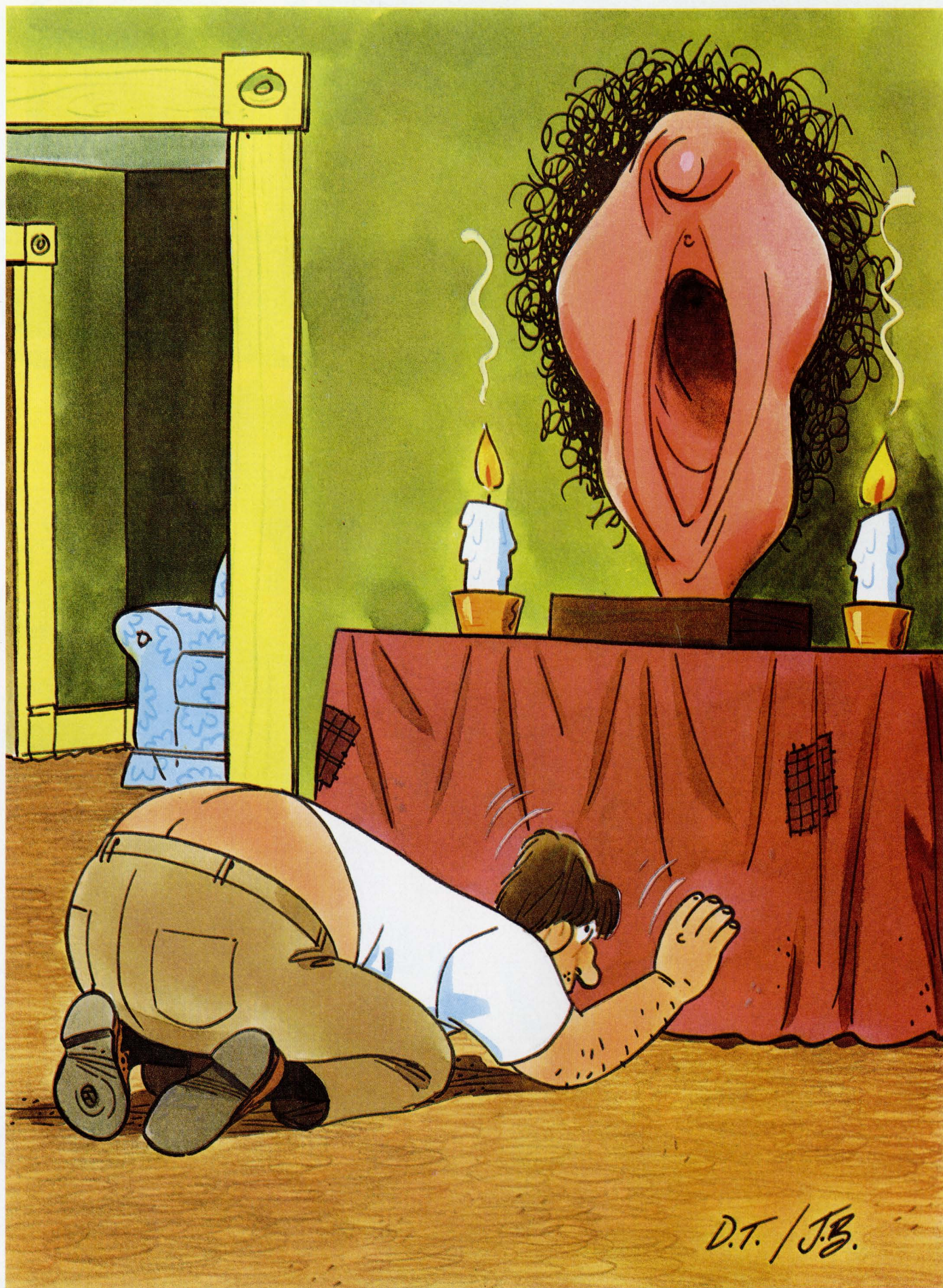
While out on bail, Davis married the white woman—who is now the mother of his child. But eight years after the controversial ruling he is running out of time. Since 1974 three federal-court judges have overturned the conviction, and even the original prosecutor agreed that the sentence was too severe. Then last year the Supreme Court reviewed the case and upheld the sentence, noting that federal courts cannot interfere with sentences handed out under state law.

Says ACLU lawyer Kendrick: "Davis

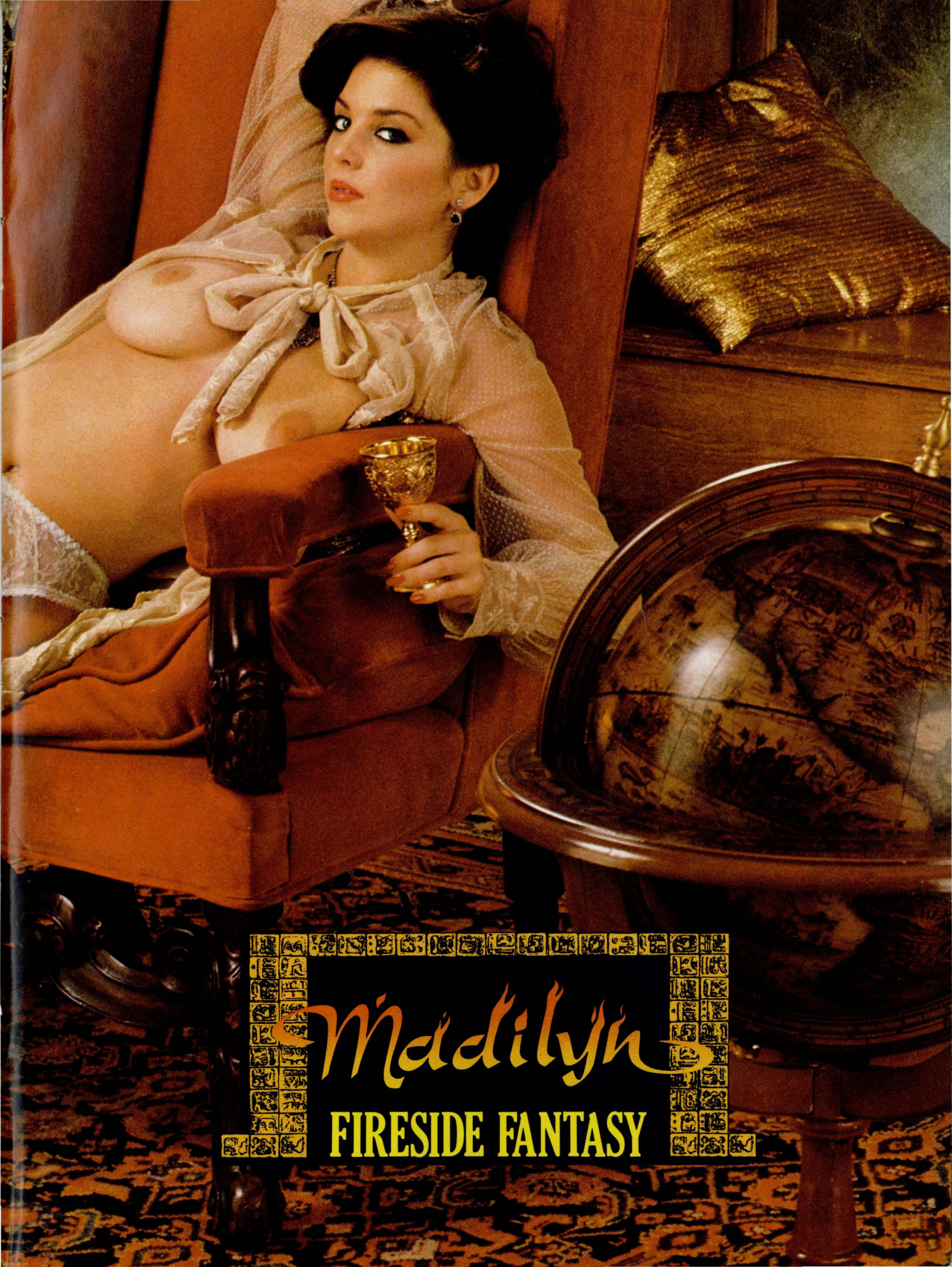
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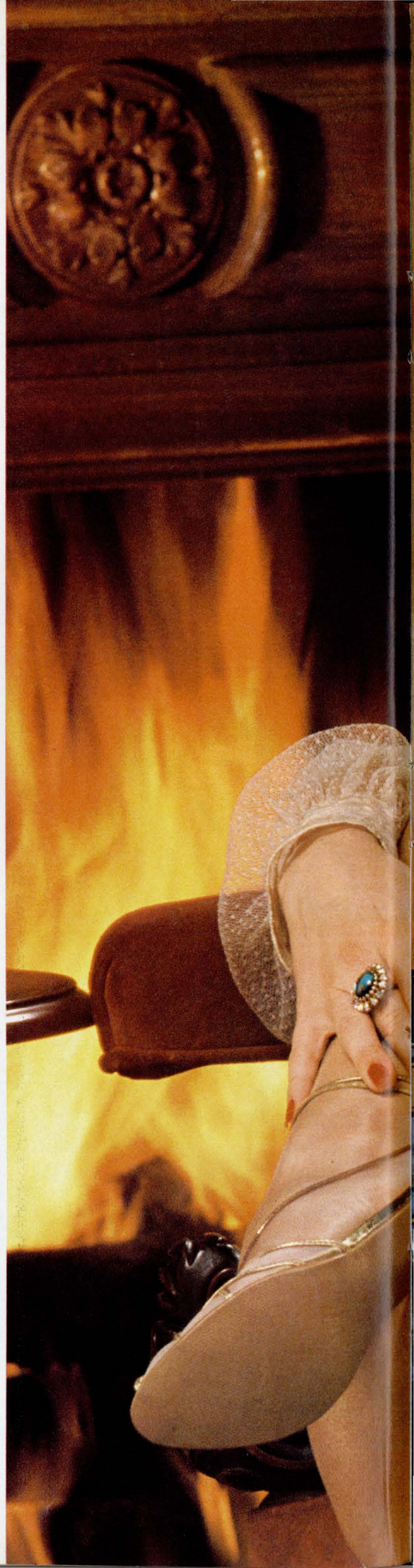
"Me Tarzan, you Jane!"








Madilyn
FIRESIDE FANTASY





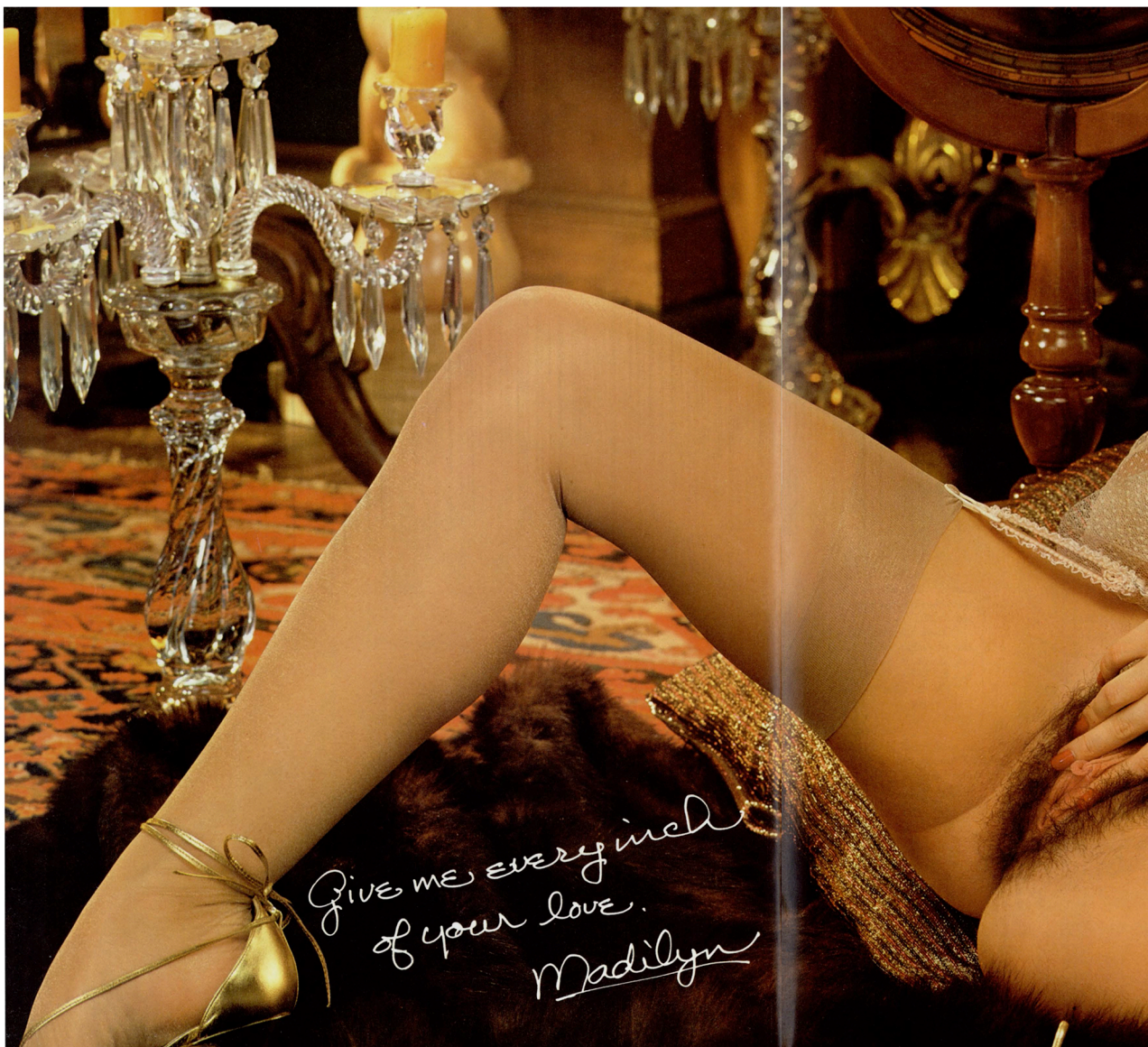
Madilyn didn't try to hide her excitement when we showed her the luxurious parlor where her pictures would be taken. But who'd expect a young Midwesterner starting out in show business to act nonchalantly about it? "This is everything I've ever dreamed of," Madilyn told us. "The antiques, the fireplace, the carpet. It's all so beautiful."

Madilyn might have added that she herself supplied most of the sensuous beauty. As you can see, the photo shooting went perfectly, but Madilyn had one complaint. "There's something about a place like this and a roaring fireplace that gets me horny. I wish this had been a couple pictorial." We told her she'd have no trouble getting what she wants.

Her response? "I wish every man who gets to see these photographs could spend a night here with me."







Give me every inch
of your love.
Madilyn





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A disheveled drunk who smelled as if he'd taken a bath in gin flopped onto a subway seat next to a priest. He was covered with lipstick, and a half-empty bottle of gin protruded from his torn coat pocket. He opened a newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes the drunk turned to the priest and slurred, "Say, Padre, what causes arthritis?"

"I'll tell you what causes arthritis," the priest began coolly. "It's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wanton hussies, too much alcohol and contempt for your fellow man."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the drunk, returning to his paper.

The priest thought for a moment about his lack of compassion and decided he'd been too harsh on the man. He nudged the drunk and said, "Look, I'm very sorry. I'm afraid I was a bit testy with you. How long have you had arthritis?"

"I don't have it," the drunk muttered. "I was just reading here that the Pope has it!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *nigger* as: a Negro who just left the room.

Coming home early from work one afternoon, a man found his wife naked in bed, breathing heavily and visibly distressed.

"Linda, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm not sure, but I think I'm having a heart attack."

The man rushed downstairs to the phone and was dialing a doctor when his son hurried in crying. "Daddy, there's a naked man in the front closet!"

So the husband went and opened the closet door and found his best friend inside. "Come on, Frank," he said. "My wife's upstairs having a heart attack, and you're sneaking around scaring the kids."

A ragged, bearded castaway alone for years on a desert island suddenly began shouting, "A ship! A ship! It's heading this way! And I bet," he went on talking to himself, "there's a gorgeous blonde onboard. With big, bouncing boobs. And shapely hips. Not to mention a round, smooth ass. I can just taste her hot lips as our naked bodies come together. I can..."

By then, the fellow had a throbbing hard-on. He grabbed himself and began to masturbate furiously. "I gotcha now, you bastard!" he exclaimed. "There ain't no fucking ship!"

Question: What do tampons and eyedrops have in common?

Answer: They both get the red out.

A New York streetwalker propositioned horny Hal near Times Square. "I'm sorry," he said. "All I've got on me is five bucks." For that amount she led Hal down a dark alley and allowed him to take a look at her pussy. He used his cigarette lighter to see her better in the dark, complimenting the whore on her magnificent pubes.

"Can I ask you a personal question?" he asked.

"Sure, go ahead," the hooker replied.

"Can you really piss through all that hair?"

"Yep," said the girl.

"Then you'd better start now. You're on fire!"

Two women were talking as they shopped. "Well, my lovely daughter finally got married," one of them said. "She's such a charming young lady, and I hated losing her to such a loud-mouthed slob."

"I'm sorry to hear that," her friend said. "But how was the ceremony?"

"Well, everything was going along beautifully," the mother explained, "until the minister asked, 'Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?' The big lout farted and declared, 'Yeah, I'll take the bitch!'"

"My goodness!" the other woman exclaimed. "What happened then?"

"In all the excitement my sweet daughter almost had a miscarriage!"

A crusty senior citizen walked into his doctor's office with a serious complaint. "Doc, you've got to do something to lower my sex drive!"

"Come on, Mr. Gray," the physician said. "Your sex drive is all in your head!"

"That's what I mean. You've got to lower it a little!"

A recent poll on the causes of homosexuality indicates

that 60% of all homosexuals were born with the condition; the other 40% were sucked into it.

"I think I married a rabbit," complained a woman to her lawyer. "He no sooner mounts me than he shoots his load. I get no fun out of it; so I want a divorce."

The lawyer decided to look up the law in that state. The next day he advised his client, "Ma'am, I've read the laws on this, and I'm sorry to say that in this state, when the man is through, the woman is fucked."

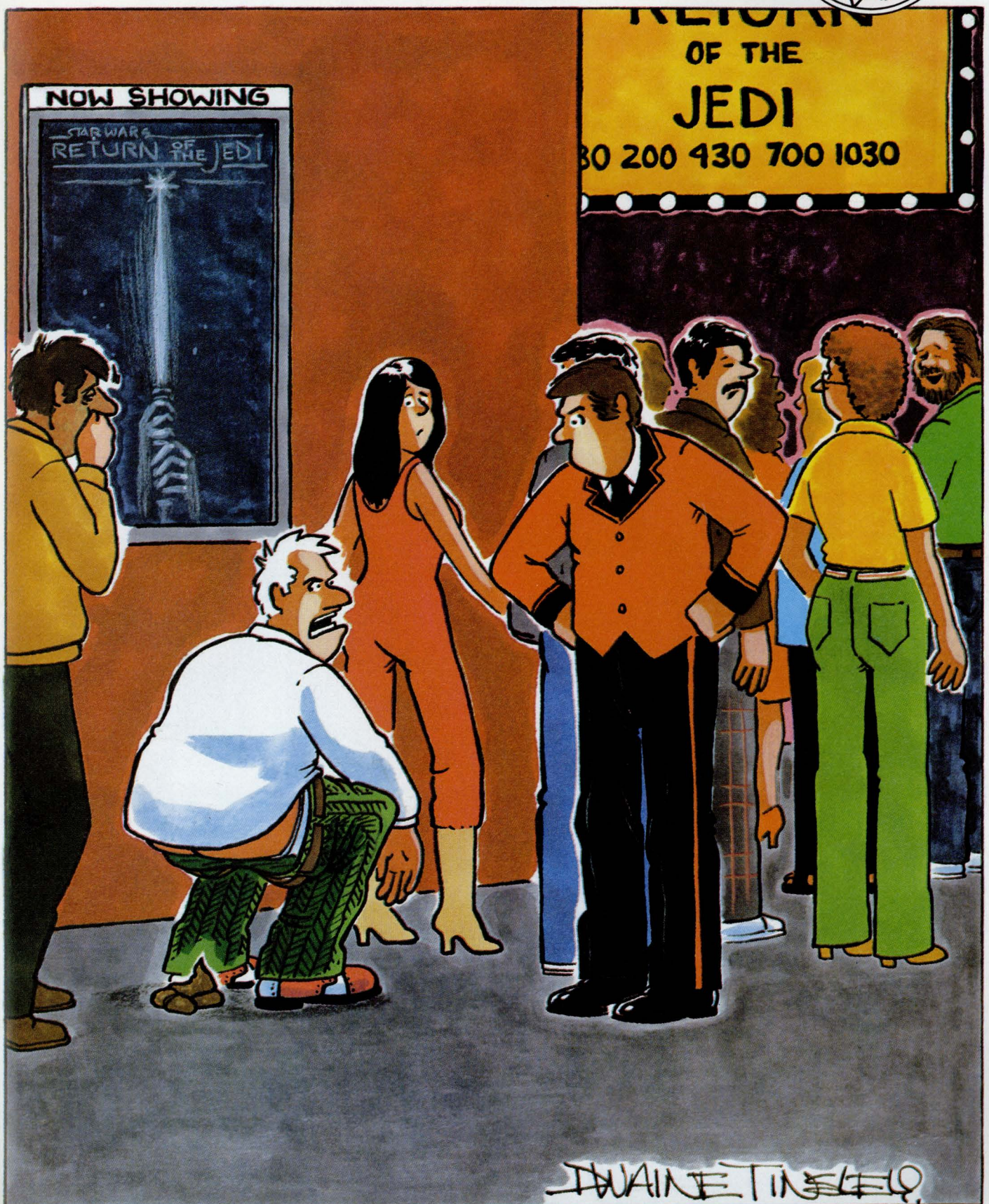
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HUSTLER HUMOR



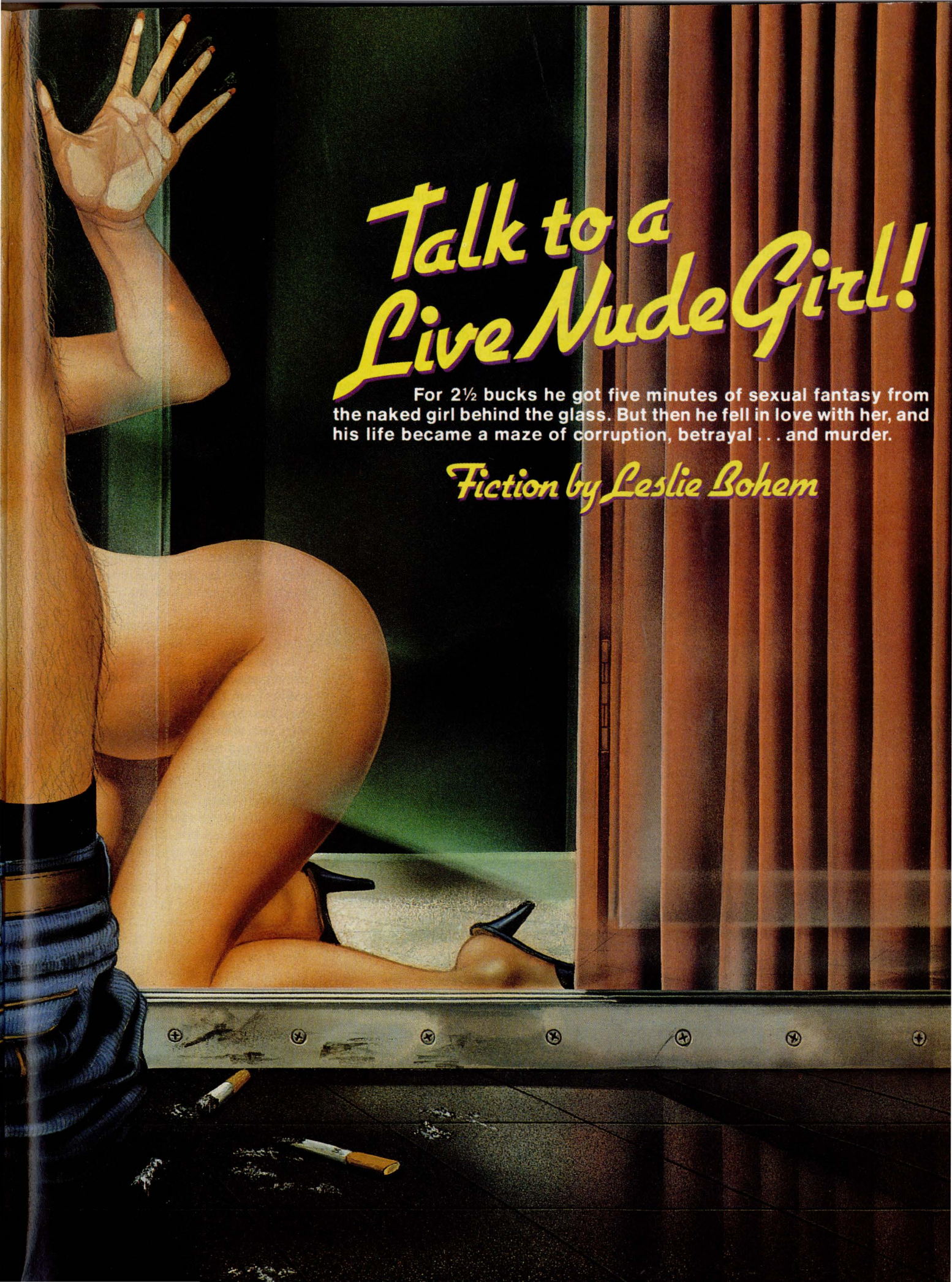
...and if you think
that's funny...

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"Ease up, man! I didn't want to lose my place in line!"



A woman is seen from behind, crouching in a peep show booth. She is nude, wearing only black high-heeled shoes. Her right hand is pressed against the glass of the booth. The background consists of vertical wooden slats. The scene is dimly lit, with a spotlight effect on the woman's legs.

Talk to a Live Nude Girl!

For 2½ bucks he got five minutes of sexual fantasy from the naked girl behind the glass. But then he fell in love with her, and his life became a maze of corruption, betrayal . . . and murder.

Fiction by Leslie Bohem

I'd been in San Francisco a month. It's not a friendly city, or at least newcomers feel that everybody already seems to have his own group of friends. The fog comes in cold in the evenings, and you start to feel like you're never going to talk to another person again.

I'd walked by the place every afternoon since I'd been in town. I'd be walking up Columbus past Broadway, and this oily guy in a green suit would stick his pimply face into mine and say, "How about a talk with a real live nude girl?"

It stuck with me. *Talk to a live nude girl.* In my experience, when the clothes came off, the talking was just about over. I wondered what you'd say. *Nice day, isn't it? You sure have lovely tits.* So one afternoon I stopped wondering and turned for the door.

"Hey, hard-on!" Green Suit called after me. "Five-minute minimum. Pay first. See the guy in the cage."

I nodded and went inside. It was a depressing hallway, fake wood paneling and dim red light. There was a cashier's cage to my left and an ugly little man sitting inside the cage. He was hunched over the business section of the paper, circling commodities and stocks. "Two-fifty for five minutes."

I gave him a five, and he made change, still not looking up from his paper. I walked down the hallway and through

the curtain into a little room. It smelled terrible. Like cum and cigars and sweat and miserable lives. I was sorry I'd come in. Soon a partition went up on the far wall, and I wasn't sorry anymore.

The girl was as pretty as anything I'd ever seen. She sat facing me on the other side of a pane of thick glass. She was wearing only an oversize sweat shirt, which concealed two ripe breasts. Everything about her—her hair, her eyes, her face, her body—was a dare.

I took off my coat and stood there.

"It's your money," she went on, "and the timer's running. In exactly five minutes that divider's going to come down, and our little get-together will be over. So what'll it be?"

"You don't seem real happy with your work," I said, sitting on my own stool.

"Why don't you just put your hand in your pants real quick, Charlie. You don't have all day."

"My name's not Charlie. It's Nick."

"Okay, Nick, I'm wet and ready. Put your hand in your pants."

We both remained silent. I could hear the meter ticking. Then, trying to be friendly, I said, "What's a nice girl like you..." I thought it would sound funny. It fell so flat, I stopped right there. She looked up and glared at me.

"I'm earning a fucking living is what I'm doing here." She turned away on her

stool, and I could hear that sound people make when they're trying to cry silently.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was dumb."

She turned then and looked at me. There was just a little bit of a smile coming through her tears.

"I'm sorry as hell," I said. "Really." I put my hand up to the glass. She smiled, and then she put her hand up too, facing mine. "So," she said after we'd stayed that way for a while, "what's a nice guy like you doing in a place like this?"

When the partition went back down four minutes later, we were somewhere in the middle of the stories of our lives. I found out that her name was Linda, that she was 23 and that this was the first job she'd had where all she had to do was watch and listen. I came back down the hall, dropped \$22.50 in front of the cashier's newspaper and told him to leave Number 1 alone for a while.

"I've got to see you again," I was saying 20 minutes later. "I've got a room near here, and there's no pane of glass."

"You might not like me if you could actually touch me."

"I'd like to find out."

"We've been through a lot together, Nick. We've laughed and cried... Why don't we just leave it at that?"

* * *

"Take your pants down," she said. "And come closer to the window."

It was about ten minutes later, and the conversation had taken that sort of turn. I got up from the stool and ambled toward the glass. She slowly pulled off her sweat shirt and then slid a finger into her cunt.

I dropped my pants and stood in front of the glass. She brought her free hand up. "Now your boxers," she said, pointing at my crotch. "Let me see your cock."

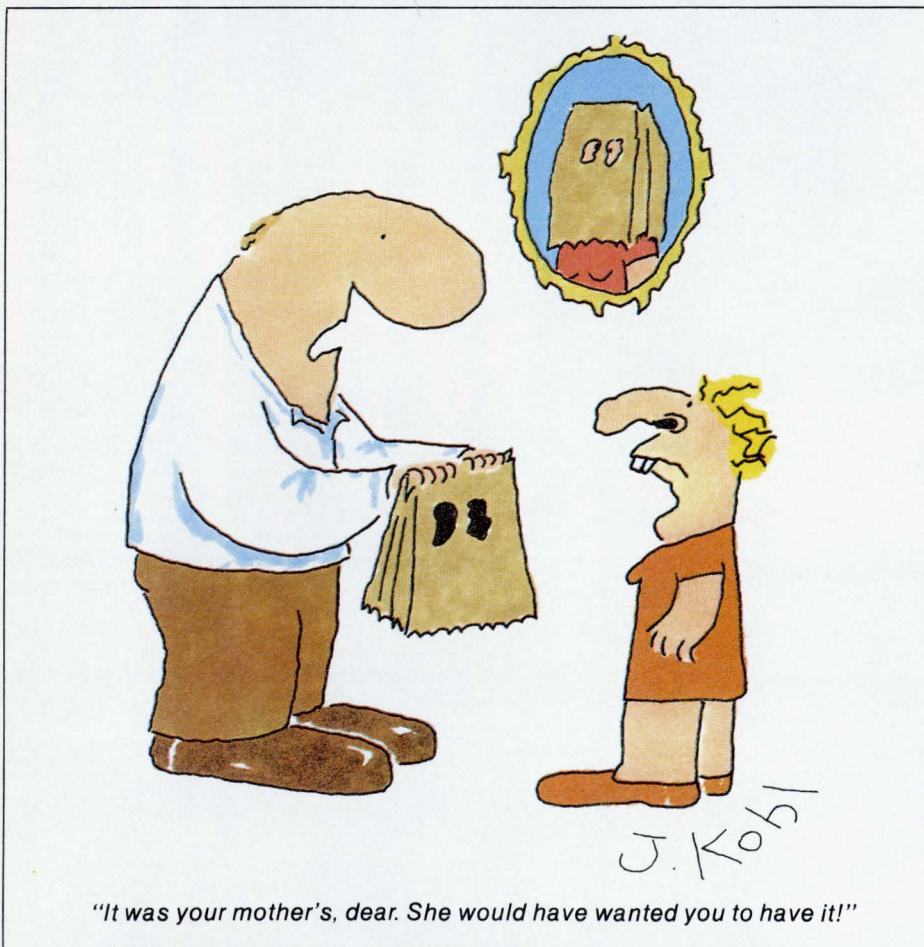
I let my boxers follow my pants to the floor. I stepped out of them and pressed my exposed prick against the window. It was getting harder.

"Let me suck your cock," she whispered, fondling her fabulous breasts. She got down on her knees in front of me and pressed her lips against the cold glass. I closed my eyes, and I could almost feel her hot, sticky mouth wrapped around my shaft. I heard her breathing grow heavier. I pressed harder against the glass, imagining that it wasn't there anymore, that I could really feel her.

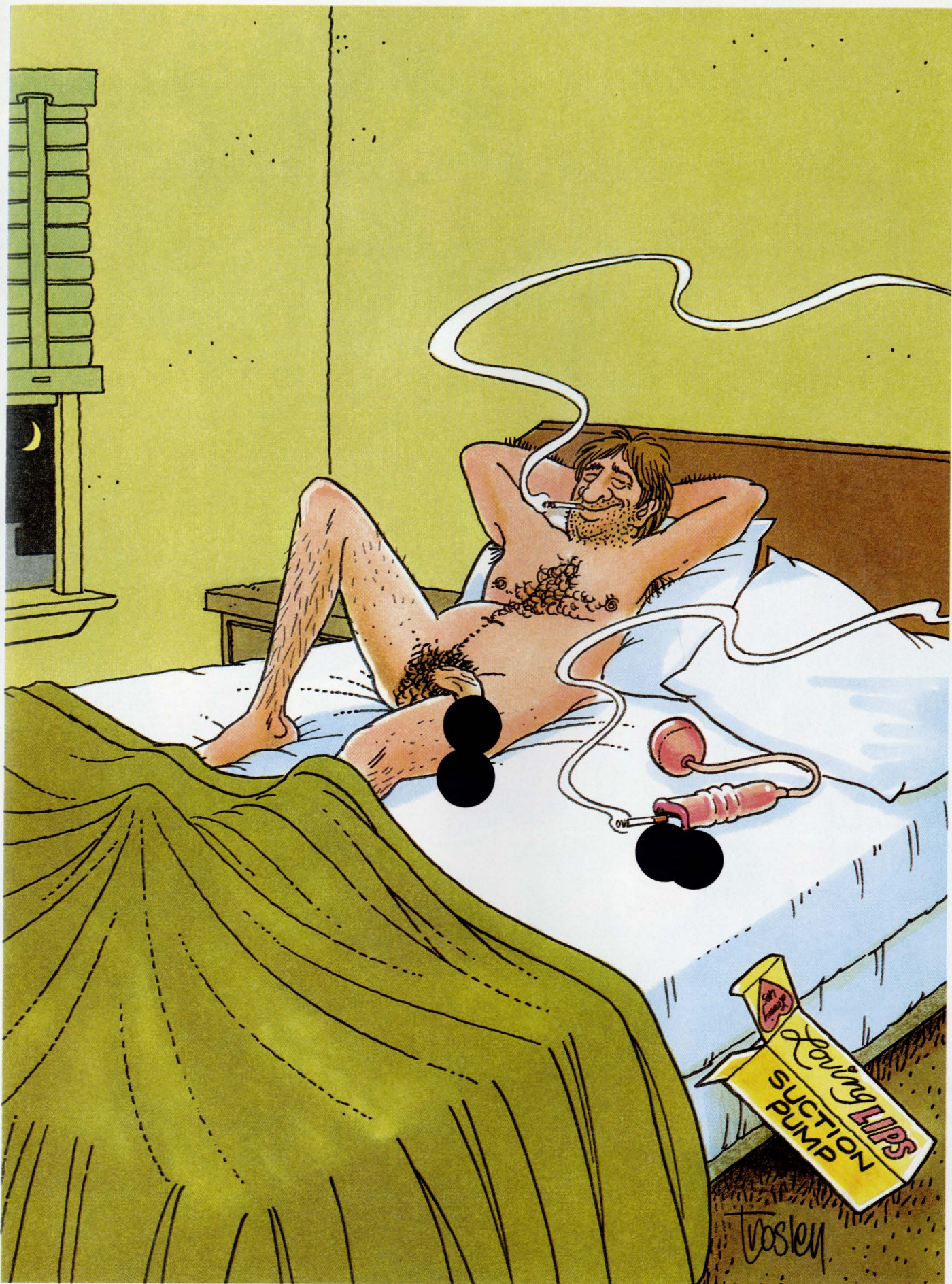
"Give it to me," she said. "Give me all of it." I came in one long hot burst. I was so dizzy, I had a hard time finding my stool. When I opened my eyes, she was still on the other side of the glass. Now she was lying on her back on the floor, running one of her hands gently across her bush, her breathing deep and even.

"Time!" she shouted. The partition started to descend. "You remember the

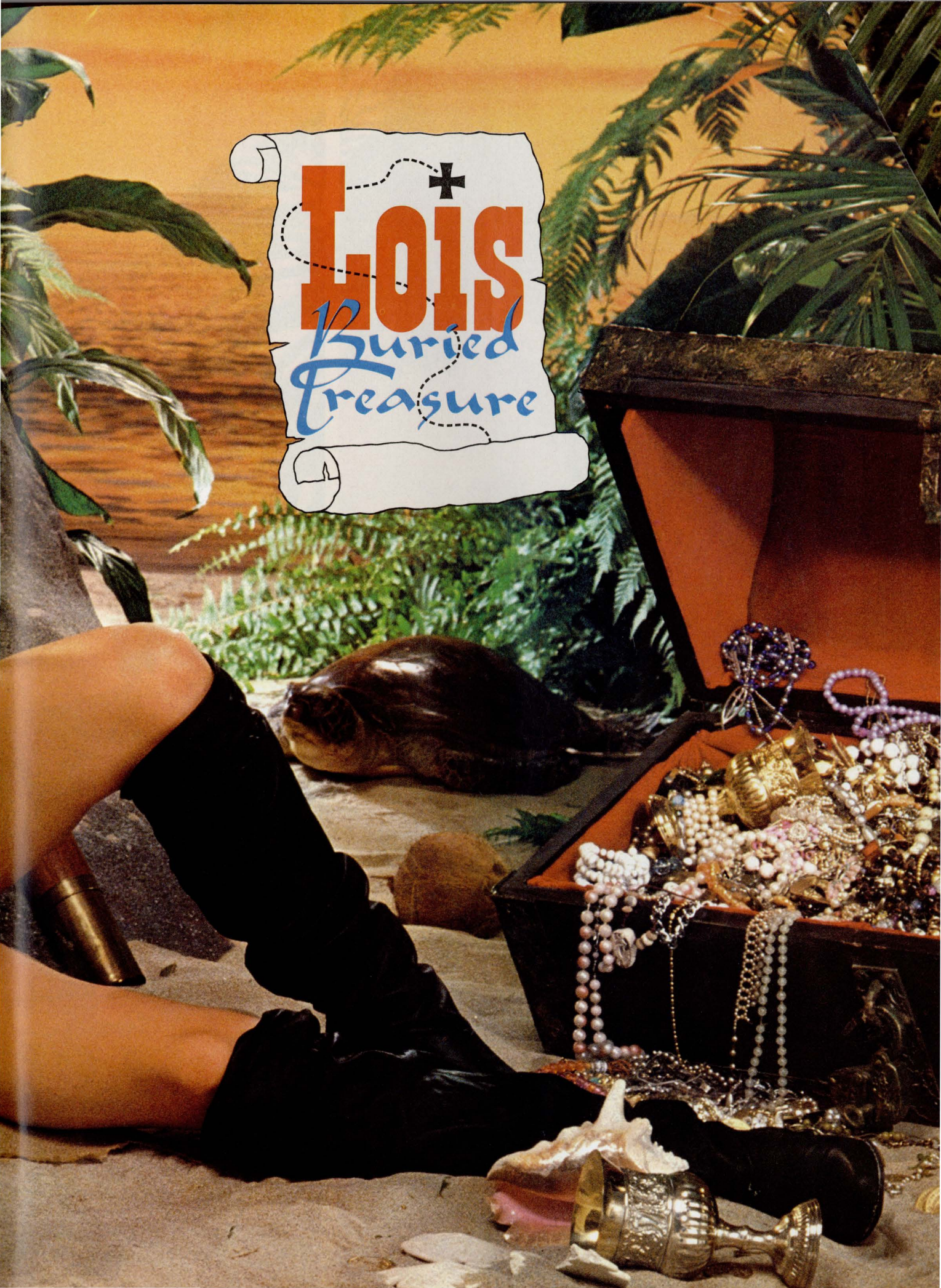
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"It was your mother's, dear. She would have wanted you to have it!"

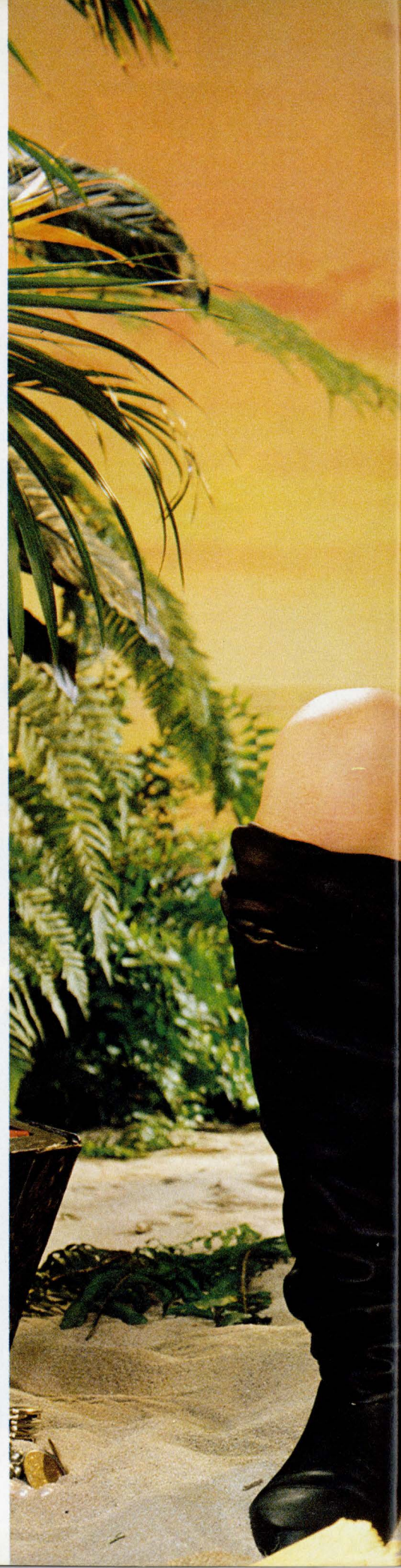





A tropical scene featuring a treasure chest overflowing with jewelry, a person's legs in black boots, a large turtle, and a map overlay. The background is a lush jungle with palm trees and ferns. The map overlay is a white scroll with a black cross and a dotted line path.

LOIS

*Buried
Treasure*





A woman dressed as a pirate is lying on her back on a large, dark, textured rock. She is wearing a black pirate hat with a red band and a gold chain. Her white short-sleeved shirt is pulled up to her shoulders, revealing her chest. She is wearing black thigh-high boots and has orange nail polish. Her legs are bent and crossed at the ankles. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a sandy beach with some scattered treasure, including a gold coin and a purple cloth. A long, dark object, possibly a telescope or a sword, is visible in the upper left corner.

"As a pirate wench, I'd be at the mercy of a shipful of men," says Lois. "I'd be used to keep them happy, satisfying their desires so they wouldn't mutiny." This 20-year-old history student fantasizes about those bloodthirsty days of yore. "One by one the sex-starved hearties would be led to my cabin aboard ship. I'd suck their cocks and lick their balls. I'd push my tits into their mouths, letting them suck my nipples in a frenzy. The heaving seas would rock us, throwing their cocks high inside me. I'd twist in spasms of pleasure. Finally, I'd shove myself against them, coming and coming, squeezing out every last drop of jism." Discovering buried treasure like Lois would keep any pirate satisfied.







TALK TO A LIVE NUDE GIRL!

(continued from page 76)

name of my hotel?" I asked before she was completely out of sight.

"Sam Wo," she said. "Room 208. But don't expect me."

With the partition down, I found myself in a dark little cubicle with one glass wall from which cum oozed slowly to the floor. I got dressed and rushed by the cashier and his newspaper. Outside, the early evening was as cold and foggy as all my evenings in San Francisco had been.

* * *

I guess that could have been it. I didn't really think she'd come by, and I wondered if I would ever plunk down my 50¢ a minute to "talk to a live nude girl" again. I probably wouldn't. That strange afternoon would just turn into a weird memory. I'd smile about it and maybe feel a little stirring in my pants. And maybe I'd also remember her crying... and our hands meeting against the glass. But I wouldn't go back, and she wouldn't come by. At least that's how it could have been.

I went to bed early. I'd just drifted into one of those semiconscious dreams where the outside world is still pushing its way in. Someone in my dream was knocking at the door. I opened my eyes and found myself in the same room I'd been in in

my dream. Someone *was* knocking.

I got out of bed and went to the door.

"Who's there?"

"Linda. Can I come in?"

I opened the door, and she was still wearing her gray sweat shirt. She looked cold and scared. She came into my room and sat down on my bed. "I didn't know where else to go," she began.

"Something happen?"

"It was a little while after you left," she said. "I heard my buzzer and knew someone was coming in; so I sat up, straightened myself on my stool and waited. When the partition slid up, I saw this big, ugly man standing there, staring at me. His pants were down, and his hands were behind his back, and his cock was hard and pointing right at me.

"You know what gets me hot, bitch?" he asked, smiling this nasty smile. 'I just killed a motherfucker. *That* gets me hard!'" Linda's lips pursed together tightly, and she looked down at the floor. "He brought his hands around so I could see them and started beating off. I could hear the slippery sounds he was making. His hands were covered with blood.

"There's a button I can push to get the screen back down," she continued. "I pushed it and started for a back door that opens onto the street. It's there so Tony—the guy who stands outside—so Tony can come in if there's any trouble. So anyway,

I opened the door, and Tony *fell* into the room. He was bleeding like crazy. It looked like somebody had opened him up with a big knife and turned him inside out.

"I took off and wandered around in a daze. Then I came up here."

"It's over now," I said, sitting down next to her and taking her in my arms. "Get some sleep, and we'll take care of everything in the morning."

I pulled the covers back and helped her into the bed. I took her sweat shirt off for her. Her skin was cool. I brushed her hair away from her eyes and kissed her. "I'm always crying around you," she said.

I kissed her again. Her lips parted, and her tongue shot hungrily into my mouth. We stayed like that for a long time, our bodies pressed against each other. I could feel the warmth coming back into her. I kissed her neck and her shoulders, still holding her close to me. Then I began to kiss my way down her. I lingered on her breasts, taking her nipples gently into my mouth. I took my time, searching every bit of her body with my tongue.

When I found the rich warm taste of her cunt, I buried my face in her, soaking up all of the fine juices. Then I put my lips around her clit and sucked on it before sliding two of my fingers inside her. Beginning to moan, she grabbed my head and pulled me closer. She moved me back and forth, guiding my tongue. Her sighs and moans intensified, and her body trembled. Suddenly, she screamed.

It was not a scream of passion.

I rolled over quickly. A big ugly man was standing behind me in the doorway. He had a meat cleaver raised over his head. He was rocking crazily backward and forward on his feet. I grabbed Linda and rolled the two of us onto the floor. The ugly brute rocked once or twice more and then fell over onto the bed. He had been shot several times. Part of his shoulder and a bit of the back of his skull were missing. As he fell, he dropped the cleaver. It was covered with dried blood.

"Your friend from this afternoon?"

Linda nodded.

"This won't wait until morning," I said. "We'd better call the cops."

Linda grabbed me tightly. Her eyes were desperate and frightened. "No cops," she said. "Please, *please*, no cops."

"I've got a dead body on my bed. We've got to call them, or we're going to be in some deep and deadly shit."

She looked right at me. "I have a five-year-old daughter," she said deliberately. "Her father and I were living in Phoenix then, and Candy—that's my girl—was about two. He got drunk one night and tried to burn her with an iron because she wouldn't stop crying. I grabbed the iron

(continued on page 96)




"These last two days have been wonderful, Father. I feel like I deep-throated God!"



J. Kohl



A person in a dark coat is climbing a blue wooden structure, possibly a balcony or staircase, against a white wall. The person is holding onto the railing. The scene is set in a desert-like environment with a wooden fence in the foreground and a cactus in the background. The title 'Z MARK of DESIRE' is written in a stylized font on the right side of the image.

Z MARK of DESIRE













TALK TO A LIVE NUDE GIRL!

(continued from page 86)

and put it in his face. When the case went to court, all his lawyer said was that I'd been hooking since I was 15. No one believed my story. My husband was a cop, and I was a whore. It didn't matter about the iron or about what kind of cop he was. The court gave my daughter to him.

"I took my baby and came here. I can't let them take Candy away from me. They'll give her back to him."

She looked at me, silently begging me not to betray her. I looked at the dead man and thought for a minute. "I guess the thing to do is go back to where you work. What's your boss like anyway?"

"Kyle's all right."

"He own the place or just manage it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I want to know as much as I can so that when the police catch up with us, we'll have something to trade them for this." I pointed at the stiff. "Let's start with handsome here," I said, poking through the dead man's pockets.

I didn't have far to go. In a jacket pocket I found a wad of bills. A big wad. Close to 20 grand. I put the money in my pocket.

There was a small crowd outside the place on Columbus and an ambulance pulling away. The crowd started to move

off. A middle-aged man in a checkered sport coat stood in front.

"That Kyle?" I asked Linda.

"Yeah."

I left her across the street in a doorway and walked over. "Hear you had a little trouble," I said to the man in the checkered coat.

"Fella tore his dick off trying to stick it through an air-conditioning vent," he sneered. "Go get your jollies elsewhere."

"You don't understand. I was just in here this afternoon... I heard some guys talking in a bar about the killing, and I thought I'd come on by."

His eyes went ice cold. "You're the one who locked himself in with Linda. I got each booth wired for sound. I got a message for you to give to Linda."

"I don't know where she is. I just came by because I heard about the trouble."

"Don't shit me, prick. Tell that smart cunt that some big people want to talk to her about a lot of money. They can't talk to Andy, and they want to talk to her."

"I don't know what you—"

"Just give her the message!" Then he slammed the door in my face.

* * *

Andy was the cashier, the guy I'd seen reading the newspaper business section. From Linda I learned that he had a girlfriend named Mary Anne who lived in the Mission district. She'd worked at

Kyle's place for a while, and then she'd quit to take care of a sick brother. We decided to see her.

"We have to stop by my place first," Linda said. "I have to make sure my baby-sitter won't mind staying the night."

Linda lived in a little apartment in Chinatown. We went inside and found a very frightened young woman sitting on the couch.

"Two men came in here," she said in a trembling voice. "With guns. They said something about a lot of money and left a phone number. They said they'd kill me and Candy too if I didn't tell them where you were. Finally, they left but said they'd be back."

It took us a while to calm her down, but she agreed to let Candy stay at her place for the rest of the night. We were just coming out of Linda's apartment when I heard footsteps. We hid in the doorway. Two men carrying brown-paper bags walked by on their way to a car. "It's got to be the girl," one of them muttered. "If she don't have the money, who does?"

"They're not going to like this in Palm Springs if we don't find the dough," the other warned.

"Yeah, so we'll find it. We just stay close. She's got to come back for the kid."

They got into a big car and waited across the street, eating their dinner.

"Is there a back way out of here?" I asked in a whisper.

"We can go back upstairs and then down the fire escape," Linda answered.

We did just that. After we'd left Candy with the sitter, we took a bus over to the Mission district and went to Andy's girlfriend's apartment. She looked surprised to see Linda. Surprised and nervous.

"I haven't seen Andy in weeks. We had... a fight," she said.

"Mary Anne," Linda pleaded, "someone is trying to kill me. They've threatened... they said they'd hurt Candy too. If Andy has anything to do with this... you've got to help me."

"I don't know anything."

Linda started to cry. I took her hand. "Let's go," I said. "She can't help us."

As soon as we were out of the apartment, Linda looked at me. "What are you doing?" she said. "She knows damn well where Andy is."

"She wouldn't tell us, but now she's going to take us to him. She had a suitcase packed."

After waiting awhile, Mary Anne came out, carrying the suitcase. We followed her for a few blocks to the train station on Mission. She seemed real nervous and in a hurry.

She got off the train downtown and walked to the Greyhound terminal, and

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"considered as something of a natural "upper," to be taken for nervous and sexual debility. In particular, it is reputed to have aphrodisiac properties.

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Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

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Include separate sheet if necessary

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we went in after her. I stood with my back to her as she asked the agent for a ticket to Sacramento.

I bought two tickets. While Mary Anne was in the women's room, Linda and I hurried onto the crowded bus and took two seats in the back. Luckily for us, Mary Anne got on and took a seat near the front. As the bus pulled out of the terminal, I tried to sort everything out.

It was late, and most of the passengers went right to sleep. I could see Mary Anne's head in the front of the bus. She was sitting straight up, wide awake.

"I guess the cashier, Andy, was working with the big guy that died at my place," I whispered to Linda. "They must have planned to rob the register. This is a big wad of money I found in Mr. Meat Cleaver's pants. More than a place like that pulls in in six months. I guess maybe your boss, Kyle, works for the big boys. Maybe they launder a bit of money that's even dirtier than Kyle's. A guy delivers the money every few months; then it filters through the till in change, all neat and simple."

I looked at her for a moment, but her face was a blank. "I guess those two goons back at your apartment work for Kyle's bosses," I said finally.

In a couple of hours Mary Anne got up and made her way to the lavatory in the rear of the bus. I turned toward Linda and kissed her. Mary Anne walked past us and went into the john. Linda started to sit up. I pulled her back. "Better keep kissing until she comes out," I said.

"You're asking for trouble," Linda answered, smiling. She turned her face toward mine.

By the time Mary Anne unlatched the door and walked by us again, Linda had my zipper down and her hand wrapped around my cock. My hand was buried between her legs.

"Is she out of there?" Linda asked, pulling away from a long kiss.

I nodded.

"I have an idea," she said, getting up. "Wait for me a minute, then meet me in the toilet."

She had left the door unlocked. I went in. There was barely room for the two of us to stand. "Sit on the seat," she said.

I dropped my pants and sat on the seat. She faced me, leaned her back against the door and put her legs up on the opposite wall. I reached for her, pulling her sweat shirt out of the way as she lowered herself onto my stiff cock. She came down over me, teasingly moving herself up and down, and then forcing herself down hard, driving me up deep inside of her. She was tight and warm.

I reached a hand down from above, teasing her clitoris with my fingers. She moved back and forth, grinding me into

her. With my free hand I helped her move. I kissed her breasts, shooting my tongue across her nipples. I could feel her cunt tightening. Just moments after we both came, the bus veered sharply, and the two of us barely managed to stay out of the toilet.

"Go back to the seat," she said. "I'll meet you in a minute."

I guess I must have dozed off after that, because the next thing I remember is her waking me up in Sacramento.

Inside the terminal Mary Anne went straight to a phone booth. She talked for a few minutes and then left the station.

"On her way to see Andy," I said. "You stay here. She's only seen me once, but she'd recognize you in a second."

I had a feeling that things might get dangerous or ugly, and I figured Linda had seen enough danger and ugliness for one day.

I followed Mary Anne up the street about two blocks to a dingy little motel. She walked across the driveway and knocked on a door. Someone opened it, and she went inside.

The motel was a two-story building surrounded by vacant lots. I counted doorways. The one she'd gone in was three back from the side of the building. I went into the vacant lot behind the place and counted windows. I pulled the screen off the bathroom window of what I took to be the third room, working silently and quickly.

As I jimmied the window open, I could hear voices from the room past the bathroom: two men and Mary Anne. I climbed into the bathroom and listened.

"And what happened, Kyle?" Mary Anne was asking. "Is Andy dead?"

"Oh, yeah, he's dead all right." I moved closer to the bathroom door. It was open a crack. I could see Mary Anne and Kyle, the manager of the place where Linda worked. He was still wearing his checkered sport coat. I could hardly see the other guy. Mary Anne rubbed herself up against Kyle, but he pushed her away.

"What's the matter, honey?" she said.

"Now we've got rid of Andy, and we've got all that money. And the big boys think it's Linda. She was over at my place tonight with some guy. She said they'd threatened her. We're in the clear as far as they're concerned."

"I gave them Linda," Kyle said. "But I didn't get the money."

"What?" she asked at last.

"Everything would've been fine except for your psycho brother," he growled.

"Is Frankie okay?"

"All he was supposed to do was get past Tony at the door, then take Andy and the money. Leave Andy's body somewhere far away where no one would ever find it.

(continued on page 104)

Beaver Hunt

Are you always trying to convince your friends that you've got the most luscious lady of all? Well, let's settle it right here in the pages of HUSTLER. Just snap a clear color photo of your favorite candidate and send it to us. If HUSTLER prints it, we'll send her \$100. And remember, there's always a good chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-

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Photo by Husband



Baltimore, Maryland's Honey is a 23-year-old housewife who loves to shoot pool. She dreams of being a centerfold for HUSTLER.

Photo by Reynolds



Laurie, 18, would like to find out if actor Richard Gere is "as good as he looks." This Rockford, Illinois, receptionist spends her spare time dancing and having sex.

The Deep South is home for Sparky, 31, a housewife who likes macrame, ballet and ceramics. Screwing in a heart-shaped bathtub at a mountain resort would satisfy her sexual fantasy.

HUSTLER®

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Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband



S. L., a 21-year-old West Coast receptionist, is into dancing, flirting and "enjoying life." Her fondest fantasy is to make it with an entire platoon of U.S. Marines.

Photo by Husband



Tami, a 19-year-old housewife and model from Ramona, California, lists her hobbies as horseback riding, skiing and making love. Her secret wish is to become the "Annie" of porn films.

"C. M." is a 23-year-old housewife from Riverview, Florida, who likes riding horses and making love. Her secret desire is to get it on with three men all at once.



Photo by Husband

Photo by Larry Costner



Twenty-two-year-old Sunny hails from St. Joseph, Missouri, where she loves sex and bondage. This housewife's fantasy is now coming true: Her husband is training her to be his "slave."



Photo by Kevin D. Richey



Making love on a sandy beach under a full moon is the favorite fantasy of 20-year-old Cindy L. from Kent, Washington. She's a salesgirl in a bakery who enjoys roller-skating, fishing and cooking.



Photo by Fritz

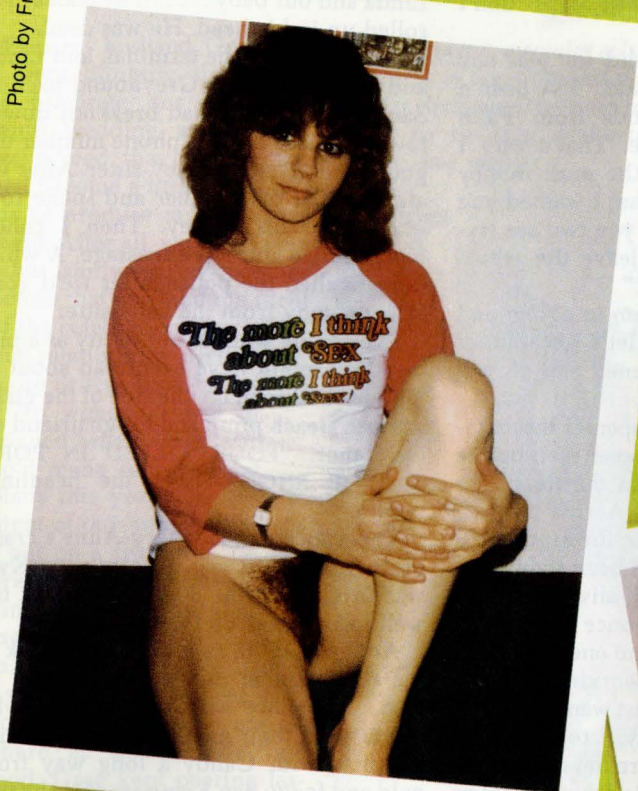
"Red" from Mackinac Island, Michigan, lists her hobbies as cooking, photography and reading. She's a 31-year-old hotel employee who secretly longs to ride horseback nude across a golf course.

Photo by Husband



Sex and tending houseplants are enough to keep 20-year-old housewife L. K. B. satisfied. We've fulfilled one of her fantasies by printing her snapshot in HUSTLER. She says her husband has fulfilled all the rest.

Photo by Friend



Twenty-one-year-old Jan dreams of making love on a motorcycle. She's a student from Carpentersville, Illinois, who spends her free time skinny-dipping.

Photo by Friend



Donna Douglas, 23, is a bartender from Santa Monica, California, who's into roller-skating and windsurfing. Her wildest fantasy is to fuck an alien in a spaceship.

Aerobic dancing, sunbathing and playing Frisbee are Ammie's favorite activities. A 20-year-old student from Jacksonville, Florida, she dreams of making love to her boyfriend on a sailboat headed for the Bahamas.



Photo by Dave



TALK TO A LIVE NUDE GIRL!

(continued from page 98)

I'd tell the big boys I'd been robbed, we'd wait and go off to Rio with the profits."

"What the hell happened?" Mary Anne snapped.

"Your fucking brother's idea of getting past Tony was to cut him in half with a meat cleaver. Then he did the same to Andy. Then he goes into Linda's room and starts whacking off at her, screaming about what a great murderer he is. Shit, Mary Anne, I thought he was supposed to have been rehabilitated."

"What happened to Frankie?"

"I had the microphone on in my office; so when I heard him, I started downstairs. He was on his way out the door after Linda. I shot him twice, but he kept on going."

"You shot him?!"

"I had to. The bastard was crazy."

"And the money?!"

"Oh, your brother's crazy, but he's also pretty smart. He'd already taken it."

"Why didn't you talk to him?" Mary Anne was hysterical.

"Get serious. He's standing there with his dick all covered with blood and a meat cleaver in his hand—"

"I don't like any of this too well," the other man said.

"Who gives a fuck what you like!"

Kyle muttered. "Crooked cops don't count for shit."

"Everything I did I did for just one reason," the other man said. "I've been a bag man for our friends from Palm Springs for a long time. That's why I knew when there'd be the most money coming in. You knew what I wanted you to do with my cut. Now you two are trying to walk away and leave the whole thing sitting with Linda."

I heard the man scream in agony and Kyle say, "Come on, let's get out of here!" Then a door opened and closed, and the room was quiet.

In a few moments I opened the bathroom door. A man I'd never seen before was lying on his back on the floor. His head rolled toward me. Across his face was a neat triangular scar, the kind you'd get from a hot iron. He'd been stabbed in the belly, but he was still alive, barely.


"I just come in there once on a delivery," he said, talking to no one it seemed, "and there was Linda working. Once I knew where she was, I just wanted for her and my girl to be happy. I told Kyle to take care of her, don't turn her out like all the other girls. I knew Linda would never talk to me again, and I knew I deserved it. But I wanted to get her out of there somehow, to give her some real money. I didn't care about the big boys; I didn't care about Kyle; all I cared about was

Linda and our baby . . ." The man's eyes rolled up in his head. He was dead.

I went back to the terminal, and Linda and I took the next Greyhound back to San Francisco. We had breakfast downtown. She still had the phone number the goons had given her baby-sitter. After we ate, I called the number and spoke to a man about his money. Then I called Kyle's office and left a message. A while later I called the police, after we'd gone to get Candy from the baby-sitter.

Everything worked out pretty as a picture. You might have even read about it. Two Mob hitmen on one side of the glass, a North Beach pimp and his girlfriend on the other. "FOUR KILLED IN PORN PARLOR SHOOT-OUT" the headlines read.

The gun that shot Mary Anne's crazy brother, Frankie, was the same gun Kyle was firing when he died; so that left me well in the clear on that.

And even if the cops did want to talk to me or to Linda, they'd have to find us first. The same with anyone else who might want their money back. We're living now with Candy a long way from cold and foggy San Francisco. On the trip out here I told Linda about the guy in the motel and what he'd said before he died. She didn't react. I guess all she could see was that hot iron, and even now she still can't forgive him. 

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When my husband, Greg, and I were thinking about how to celebrate our upcoming tenth wedding anniversary, we agreed that our routine had become a little too familiar to promise much excitement. After all, we'd had nine other anniversaries together before that one, and the thrill of the celebration, much less the relationship itself, was more or less gone.

No wonder I was intrigued when Greg said he'd made some special plans this year. On the night of our anniversary I put on a sexy, low-cut dress. Greg took me to dinner in the plush dining room of the best hotel in New Orleans. We had a sinfully delicious meal, savoring the intimate atmosphere as well as the fine food. Greg kept peering lasciviously down the front of my dress. By the time dinner was over, I'd decided some good, old sex would be a nifty idea. I could see by the bulge in Greg's pants that he was thinking the same thing.

After dinner, we sat for a long while at the table, drinking margaritas and whispering sexy things to each other. I slipped off my shoes and so did Greg; we played footsie, twirling our toes together under the table. Greg slid next to me in the small booth and let his hand creep up under my dress, making my thighs tingle with pleasure and anticipation.

To my surprise, Greg handed me a room key to the hotel, explaining that we were going to make a night of it and even have breakfast in bed the following day. All that sounded delicious to me! Arm in arm we rode the elevator to our floor and found the room.

Greg unlocked the door and pushed it open. I stepped inside the semi-darkened room but stopped in my tracks! I was sure there was some mistake.

In the twilight I could make out two pale figures on a double bed, sheets pulled down. Even in the semi-darkness it was obviously a naked man and woman. The woman was sitting astride her partner's erection, riding it slowly.

"Omigosh!" I gasped. "I'm so sorry!"

Kinky Korner is a regular column written by a HUSTLER reader. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. And include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with submission.



FOUR'S COMPANY

by Mia Wilder

And I quickly turned to leave the room.

"Nonsense," a relaxed male voice murmured from the bed. "Why don't you stay awhile?" To my utter horror, Greg had closed the door behind us.

"We have the wrong room!" I said, embarrassed to my toes.

"No, we don't," Greg replied, a bit sheepishly.

Comprehension was slowly dawning. I stepped away from my husband and the bed and leaned weakly against the wall. Gingerly, Greg went over to the bedside table and turned up the lights. The woman was very pretty: That was the first thing that crossed my mind. She had long, dark hair; deep, brown eyes; and full, upright breasts tipped with large,

rose-colored nipples. They were fully erect, and she flicked at them casually with the fingers of one hand.

"Oh, my," I gasped as I watched the young woman swivel her hips on the naked man's stiff cock. This was a mind-boggling picture for me; I'd never even seen a really dirty film.

Sliding his hands around his partner, the man began caressing her pert nipples. Then he stroked her breasts and her thighs down between her legs, almost touching his own cock. He caressed her swollen pussy lips and then moved to her clitoris. The lovers weren't six feet away from me, and despite my embarrassment, I was utterly unable to tear my eyes from the man's probing fingers. I felt a wetness below that told me I was turned on by the scene.

In only a minute, still riding his erection, the woman climaxed. I was so close to them, I could actually see the ripple of her contractions as she reached orgasm. I began to feel an ache deep within myself for a release like that, and I longed to be stuffed full of this attractive man's cock.

As the woman came, the couple upped the pace of their thrusts. Panting now, she lifted herself off her partner's cock at the last minute, and I saw the creamy white jism erupt from his penis. He moaned deeply, and as his orgasm subsided, I

was barely conscious of the woman sliding off him. Without thinking what I was doing, I stepped forward and lightly touched the slick tip of the stranger's softening cock.

In response to my touch, he had a little spasm, and a few drops of cum oozed onto my fingers. Amazed at myself, I withdrew my hand and tasted the jism delicately, thinking it was the most decadent thing I could imagine doing.

"Ummm, do that," the woman whispered. She was now seated beside the man on the bed. She was speaking to me, but she was looking at someone else when she said the words. I followed her eyes and saw my husband, whom I'd just about forgotten. Greg's eyes were over-

bright, and he no longer had a bulge in his crotch: Now his cock was outside his pants, which were down around his knees, and he was holding it in one hand. It was harder than I had seen it for a long time.

I was standing at the very edge of the bed, and now I felt a large, warm hand slithering up my thigh beneath my dress. The man on the bed was groping me! I watched his hand move underneath my dress as if it were happening to someone else. Catching the elastic waistband of my pantyhose, he brought them and my panties down over my thighs with practiced ease.

Then I felt his fingers on my pussy. Stroking my cunt lips, he wriggled his long fingers inside the wet, slick folds of my snatch and stroked me knowingly. I parted my thighs, helpless with pleasure, thinking I was going to come over and over if he kept it up.

I looked up, mostly to distract myself, and saw that the girl was now giving Greg a pleasurable blowjob. She was sucking his cock to the hilt, and he was holding her head, fucking her mouth the way he usually fucked my pussy.

The man on the bed evidently saw that I was watching his partner's escapades with some envy, because he rose suddenly, eased me down onto the bed and ran a very professional tongue over the same

part of me that his fingers had just been touching. Shocking me, he even darted his tongue around my rectum, bringing me an excitement I'd never dreamed of. I exploded in orgasm, forgetting that a woman I'd never seen before was deep-throating my husband only a couple of feet away. But my new lover didn't stop when I came. He continued to caress me with his tongue and proceeded to bring me to a second, shuddering orgasm in only another minute.

Greg apparently came at the same time I did. When the last spasm of my climax ended, I looked over and saw him standing with a not-yet-soft cock, stroking the girl's cheek and smiling, totally satisfied.

"Happy anniversary," he said softly to me.

The other couple smiled, and they both rose simultaneously. Apparently they were going to leave. "Wait a minute!" I muttered. "What's going on?"

The woman smiled thinly. "We're done, aren't we?" Again she looked at Greg when she spoke.

"You're prostitutes?" I gasped, addressing the still-naked man who was standing practically next to me.

He smiled and nodded. "That's what they call it."

"And you're leaving?"

Greg cleared his throat. "It's not necessary to leave." As if on cue, the girl

turned expectantly to Greg, and they moved away from the bed. I knew perfectly well that money was changing hands, but I didn't care.

"Do you know what a daisy chain is?" the man asked me as he came back and sat down beside me on the bed. I shook my head. "I'll show you," he said.

At that, Greg and the girl came back to join us on the bed. "Now we've got cocks and pussies and tongues and fingers," the man explained. "Let's see what we can do with them."

The four of us went absolutely *wild*. The girl worked Greg into a state of erection that made me a little jealous—I'd never seen him that hard before! Then, while the guy started tongue-fucking my pussy, I tossed away any inhibitions I had and went down on both the girl and Greg, licking his cock as it slid in and out of her vagina. The guy moved around so that his cock dangled in front of the girl's face, and the four of us became one large, wonderful mass of fucking flesh.

* * *

When I think about that anniversary celebration, I most vividly remember being linked cock-in-pussy, cock-in-lips with my husband and that gorgeous professional stud. Before, I'd dreaded our wedding anniversaries. Now we celebrate those—and lots of other special occasions—practically every month!

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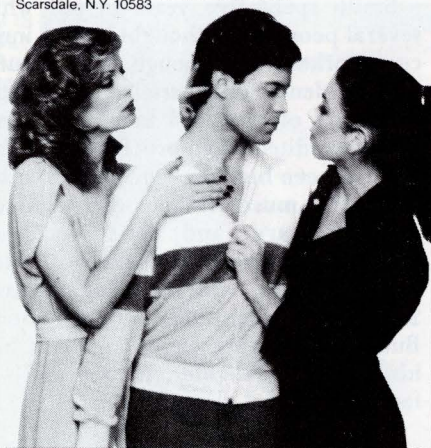
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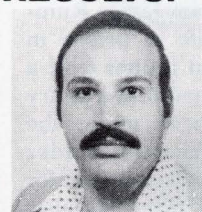
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Jimmie Jones,
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COURTROOM HORRORS

(continued from page 60)

has no options left. There's a petition for a rehearing that's been filed with the Supreme Court, but it will obviously be turned down. We've also asked the governor for a pardon, but we aren't keeping our fingers crossed on that one."

The fact that the Supreme Court refuses to tackle important issues such as this one greatly distresses people like Ted Hogshire, another ACLU-appointed lawyer who has worked on Davis's defense. "We perceive the Davis case as an abuse, and I know a lot of people feel the racial factor [helped cause it]," he says. "But apparently the Supreme Court doesn't share our opinion."

In an unrelated but similarly tragic case in Texas, the Supreme Court also failed to intervene. William James Rummel was sentenced to life in prison in 1973 for three nonviolent crimes over a nine-year period that netted him a paltry \$229.11. He was sentenced under the state's 126-year-old habitual-offender law, which requires life imprisonment for any person convicted of three felonies. Although habitual-offender statutes are not uncommon, Texas is the only state that doesn't give a judge any leeway in sentencing "three-time losers."

Rummel's lawyer appealed, of course,

and the case finally reached the Supreme Court. In an astonishing 5-4 decision, the High Court ruled that the punishment was neither cruel nor unusual. On behalf of the dissenters Justice Lewis F. Powell wrote that Rummel's life sentence "crossed any rationally drawn line" and "would be viewed as grossly unjust by virtually every lawman and lawyer" in the country.

Six months later Rummel's Houston-based attorney—Scott J. Atlas—succeeded in springing his client by using another approach. "I got him out on an ineffective-counsel claim," Atlas explains. "The judge agreed that he was entitled to a new trial, and in order to keep the other side from appealing the decision, we pleaded guilty to time served."

When all was said and done, Rummel, who had served 16 months on his first two convictions, spent an additional eight years in prison thinking he was trapped there for life—all because of a perfunctory statute that had been passed in 1856. "I'd say that the lawbooks need updating," says Atlas.

But even a monumental overhaul of the statutes would probably not completely prevent the system from making grievous errors. Unfortunately, innocent men are convicted all the time. Here are a few more examples:

★ During an outbreak of sexual assaults around Johnson City, Tennessee, Douglas Forbes—a former Baptist deacon and Sunday-school teacher—was twice picked from a police lineup and charged with two counts of rape. The judge, prosecutor and defense all chose to disregard the fact that rapes of a similar nature continued in Johnson City while Forbes was on trial.

Forbes could not believe his ears when the jury found him guilty and the judge meted out a 60-year sentence. He grew increasingly depressed in prison. Then in September 1980, almost five years after the iron gates slammed shut behind Forbes, another man confessed to the crimes.

Forbes's life has been all but ruined. Relatives say he goes off fishing at 3 a.m. He has been feeding the family groceries to his dogs because he is afraid the dogs want to kill him. In bursts of paranoia he screams that his former jailers are spying on him. The unfortunate Forbes has been in and out of mental hospitals ever since his release from prison.

★ In Ohio, convicted killer Larry Smith had everything going against him. The murder victim's girlfriend was the state's star witness, and she testified to seeing Smith commit the killing. Although the results of lie-detector examinations are not considered to be admissible evidence in most states, Smith underwent one—hoping the polygraph would clear him. Instead, he flunked the test and was subsequently convicted.

Smith spent five years in jail while several people who thought he was innocent worked hard enough to gain sufficient evidence for a retrial. This time the testimony of the dead man's girlfriend was discredited when proof surfaced that she had been high on "angel dust" at the time of the murder. Then other witnesses came forward, and their testimony helped the police capture the real killer.

When Smith was freed, he received \$230 in prison earnings and an apology. But the harrowing experience cost him his wife, his daughter, his job and—he feels—a rightful place in society.

★ Floyd "Buzz" Fay had broken the law only once before—a traffic violation in 1973. But after the shooting death of a Perrysburg, Ohio, store clerk in March 1978 he was almost immediately arrested. The victim, with whom Fay had been acquainted, died seconds after telling police that his assailant "looked like Buzz." But the police failed to tell Fay—or anyone else—that the deceased added four more crucial words to his last-gasp speech: "It couldn't have been."

Fay's attorney struck a deal with the prosecutor. Since his client claimed inno-

(continued on page 132)



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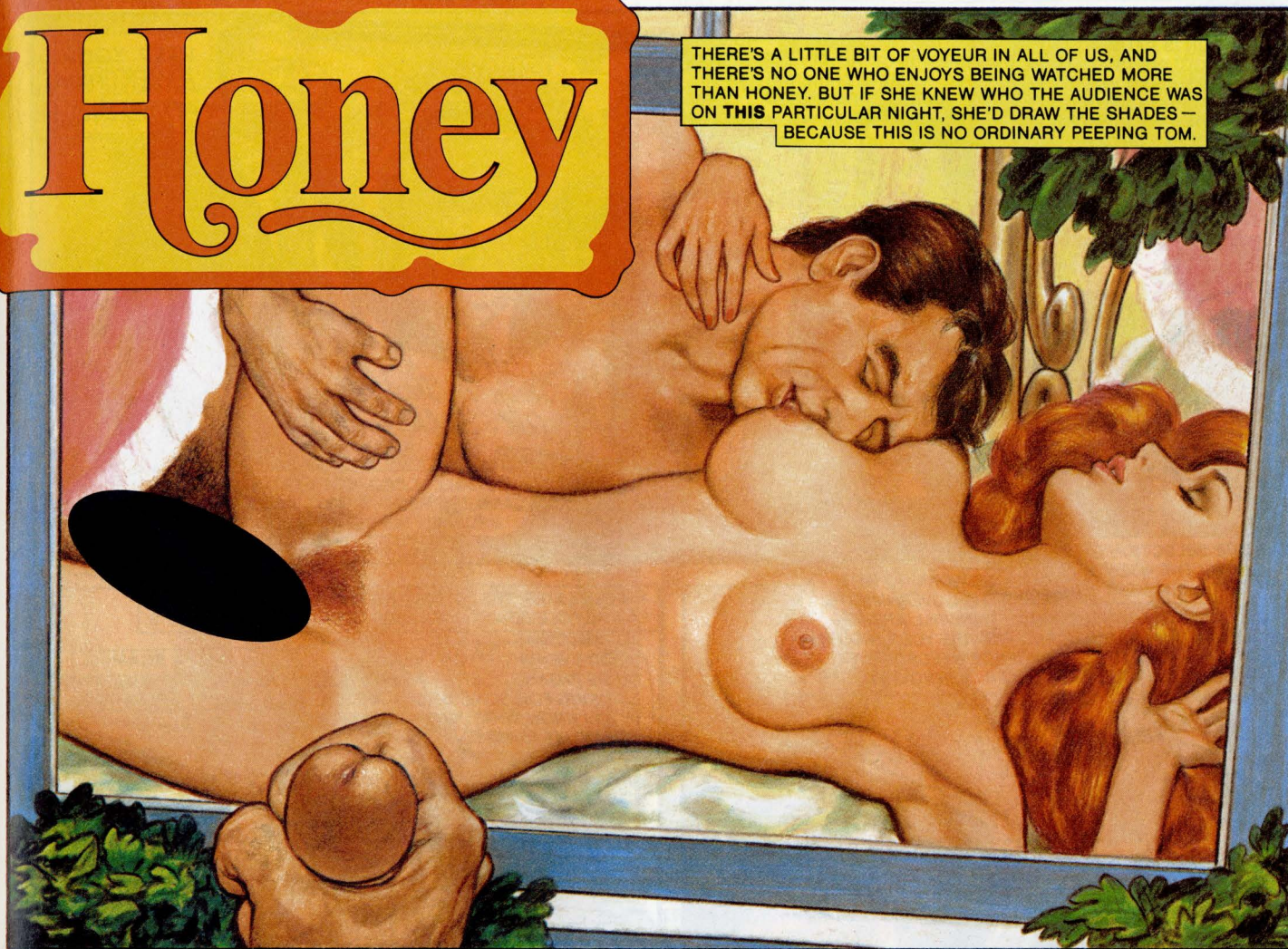
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THIS IS
UNCLE
SAM!

AND THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS **HONEY!**

YOU
BET!

WHAT'S THAT **THING** IN
THE LOWER LEFT CORNER, SIR?

ER... AH... OBVIOUSLY
SOME DEFECT IN THE
CAMERA, AGENT
O'BRIEN.

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A WEEK LATER THE "STING" BEGINS WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE "CLEVERLY" DISGUISED OPERATIVES AT HONEY'S.

GOOD EVENING, MA'AM. WE'RE PAGANS... ER... **ARABS** LOOKING FOR SOME GOOD TIMES... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. MY NAME IS **ABDUL**...

... AND I'M **SCAMDUL**. I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS NOT A COVERT OPERATION...

PUT SOME SAND IN IT, **SCAMDUL**.

ABDUL QUICKLY APPROACHES THE SUBJECT OF HONEY'S BUSINESS.

EXACTLY WHAT **SERVICES** DO YOU PROVIDE HERE?

WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?

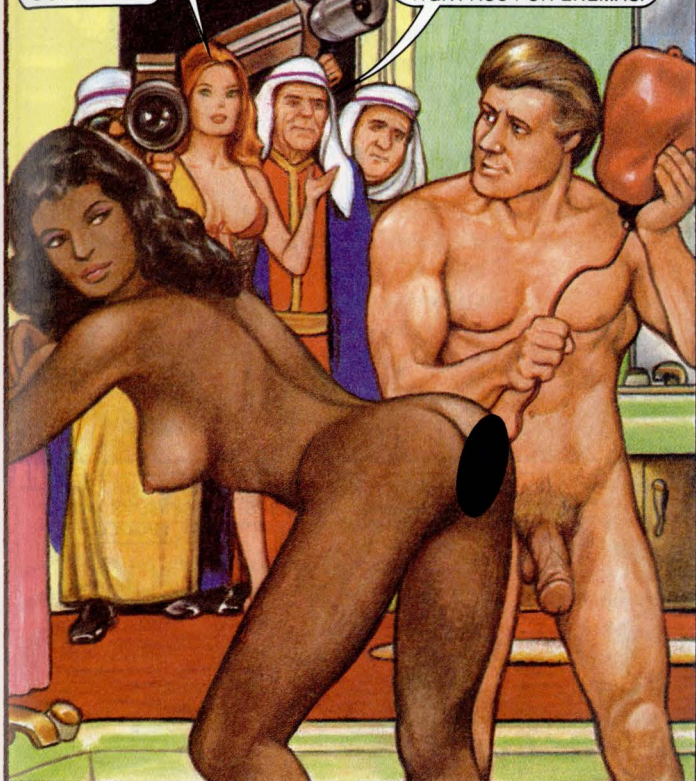
ARABS WITH A **CAMERA CREW**? SOMETHING'S ROTTEN IN SAUDI ARABIA!

PROPERTY OF FBI

HOPING TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HER VISITORS, HONEY TAKES THEM ON A TOUR OF HER HOUSE.

IF YOU'RE INTO WATERSPORTS, BROWN SUGAR HERE CAN MAKE ALL YOUR WET DREAMS COME TRUE!

NANCY... I MEAN, MRS. SCAMDUL... SAYS I'M TOO MUCH OF A TIGHT-ASS FOR ENEMAS.



NEXT STOP, ILSA'S DUNGEON

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY PAIN, ILSA ALWAYS HURTS THE ONE SHE LOVES.

I KNOW SOME LIBERALS IN CONGRESS I'D LIKE HER TO MEET.

YOU BOYS GETTIN' ALL THIS?



SUDDENLY, HONEY REALIZES WHO SHE'S DEALING WITH!

LIBERALS? CONGRESS? OMIGOSH, THAT'S NO ARAB! THAT'S JERRY FALLGUY, THE MORAL MAJORITY KINGPIN AND AMERICA'S FULL-TIME ASSHOLE! AND THE OTHER GUY IS RONNIE RAYGUN HIMSELF!

JERRY, IF WE'RE GOING TO PIN THIS RAP ON THEM, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET HONEY TO DISCUSS PRICE!

RIGHT!



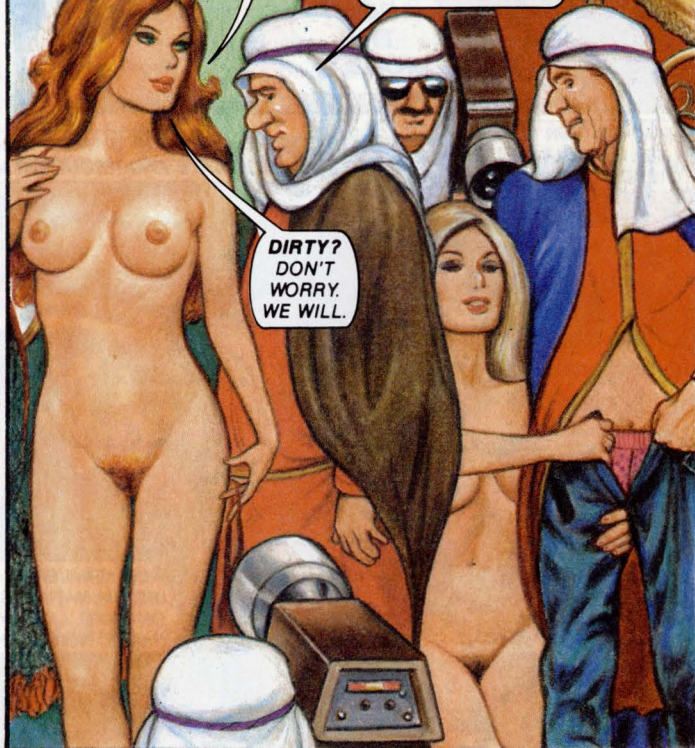
UP IN HER BEDROOM, HONEY CALLS THE PHONY ARABS' BLUFF.

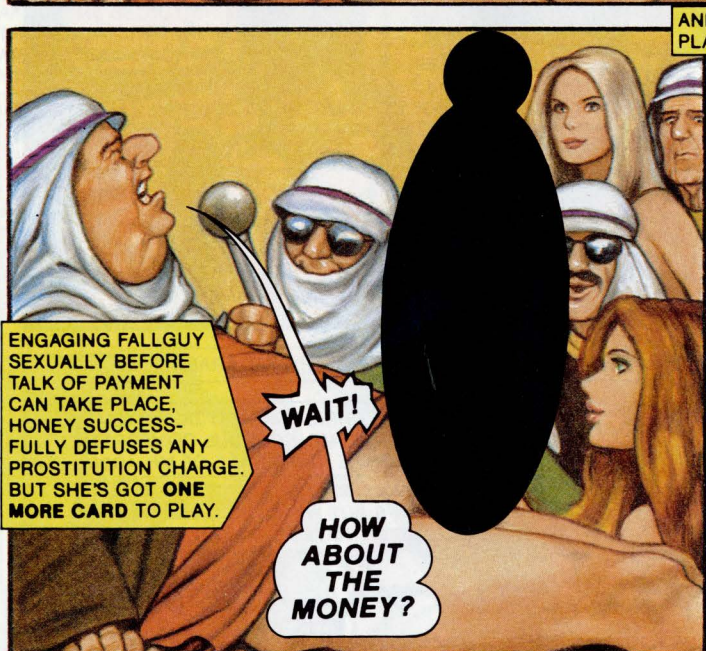
SINCE YOU BOYS HAVEN'T SPOKEN UP, I GUESS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME STRAIGHT SEX.

CHRISTINA, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE MR. SCAMDUL COMFORTABLE WHILE I TAKE CARE OF MR. ABDUL HERE.

B-B-BUT WE HAVEN'T TALKED...

DIRTY? DON'T WORRY. WE WILL.





This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to keep the marketplace clean, please write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

GOODBYE DOLLY

I ordered a talking doll from J&R Custom Doll Company (7313 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046) from an ad on page 102 of the April HUSTLER. I expected what the ad promised: "A talking doll that brings your sexual fantasies to life!" What I got was a cheap, 9½-inch-tall version of a naked, little-girl-like doll with a record. What's up?

—M. K.
Providence, Rhode Island

When ordering anything by mail, live by these words: *Don't believe everything you read!* If you believe that for \$19.95 (the price of the "talking" doll) J&R is going to send you a lifelike, speaking rubber reproduction of Bo Derek—well, your hopes are "inflated."

J&R's rubber lady is nothing more than a novelty item that doesn't actually speak, but instead comes with a separate recording of a girl spouting sexual innuendos. While it may be fun to show off at parties, don't expect any long-lasting relationship to develop between the two of you.

True, the ad for the doll is an attractive one—a sexy dame spreading her legs across satin sheets—and it's difficult to ignore if your kink is rubber women. But unless you like throwing your money away, or are just looking for a gag gift, we suggest that you bypass this one.

If you're tempted to spend money on something that looks too good to be true, take a moment to drop us a line first. We may be able to save you money—and embarrassment.

HOT MAGS

Twice in the past few months I've ordered magazines from companies I've seen advertised in HUSTLER. Both times I received small (approximately 4" X 6"), black-and-white pamphlets printed on cheap paper that were about as stimulating as the evening newspaper. Where can I get some good-quality, color magazines at a decent price?

—R. C.
Cleveland, Ohio

Astonishingly, most of the firms that advertise in men's magazines deliver the poor-quality, soft-core garbage described by R. C. But don't give up hope. *Pacific Pleasure* (Dept. H, 11140 Weddington St., North Hollywood, CA 91601) is a dependable, hard-core adult-products retailer that deals in nothing but full-size—8½" X 11"—full-color, top-quality skin mags (not to mention an extensive selection of films and videotapes).

Among the specialty mags offered by *Pacific* are the *Oriental Erotica* series, the *Connoisseur* series (featuring some hot transsexual titles) and some big, glossy publications boasting every kind of kink action from interracial butt-fucking to all-cum shots. *Pacific* also carries the fine *Swedish Erotica* and *Limited Edition* review magazine series—a pair of collections that feature virtually every porn star in the business doing one thing or another in living, lustful color.

All *Pacific* magazines are \$10 each; three for \$25; five for \$39; seven for \$50; ten for \$69; or 13 for \$89. In addition, they're all *guaranteed* hard-core (showing insertion and climax!)—and you'll get them *two weeks* after *Pacific* receives your order. For a catalog of its incredible selection of titles, send *Pacific* \$3. For the best in high-quality hard-core mags, *Pacific* wrote the book.

WHAT TOOK SO LONG?

Back in December 1982 I ordered an adult VHS cassette of The Senator's Daughter from Videoclub (237 W. 54th St., New York, NY 10019). I've never received the tape. Can you help?

—R. S.
Madison, Tennessee

We called *Videoclub*, which has moved to 220 Shrewsbury Ave., Red Bank, NJ 07701. A spokesman for the video mail-

order company told us that R. S.'s tape has recently been sent out to him. When we asked why it took so long to expedite our reader's order, *Videoclub's* response was that *Senator's Daughter* could have been delayed because orders for it were backed up—but the company wasn't sure. At any rate, R. S. should have his tape by now, and *Videoclub* is aware that we're keeping an eye out to make sure the abnormal delays don't occur in the future.

Videoclub assured us that in most cases, delivery of merchandise is made no more than *two weeks* after an order is received. Of course, in the mail-order business things can often go wrong in the process of filling each order. After all, there still are *people* doing most of the work—and nobody's perfect.

SHE-MALE ROMP

My favorite kink is she-males. I love watching these half-man/half-woman freaks fucking and sucking each other. Is there anything new on the market featuring encounters between she-males?

—P. L.
Nashville, Tennessee

A she-male is a form of transsexual male who's partway through the sex-change process. Hormone injections and breast implants provide female characteristics, although the individuals still possess male genitals. Most go on and have the complete surgical sex change. But a few remain in sexual limbo and opt to market their "skills" by performing in kinky films and video.

Trilogy of the Bizarre is a brand-new videotape featuring some sizzling sexual interaction between she-males. The vignette *Manhattan Pick-Ups* involves two hard-core she-males and a visiting boyfriend. The action is furious and downright bizarre.

Also featured on this hour-long tape is the transsexual Sensational Susanne in a threesome with beautiful porn star Lily Marlene and a blond male.

Trilogy of the Bizarre is available from VMC/Video Mail-Order Company (21540 Blythe St., P.O. Box 1644, Canoga Park, CA 91304), for \$49.95 plus \$6 shipping and handling per order, on either VHS or BETA tape. And it's guaranteed!

For those who've never witnessed the sexual talents of people who possess the "best of both worlds," *Trilogy* is a fine introduction. 🍆

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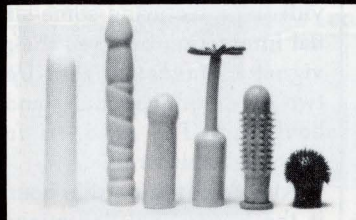
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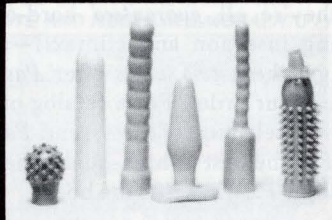
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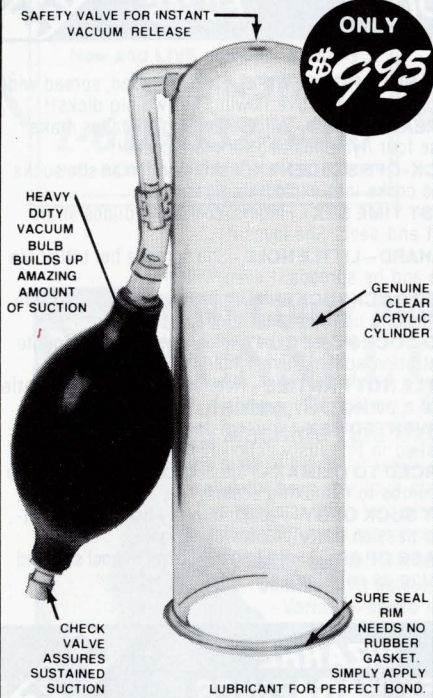
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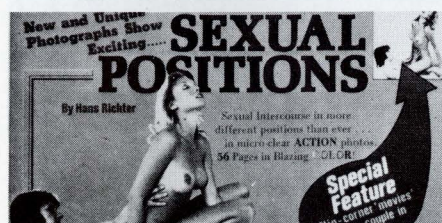
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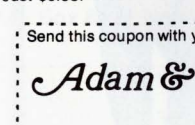


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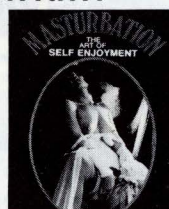


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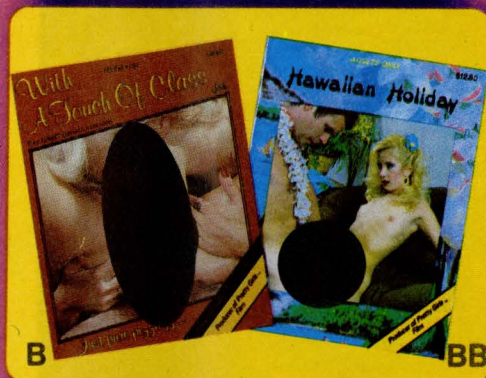
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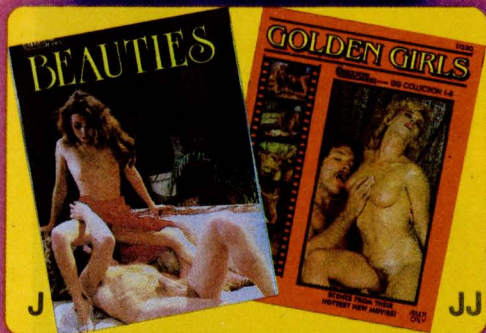
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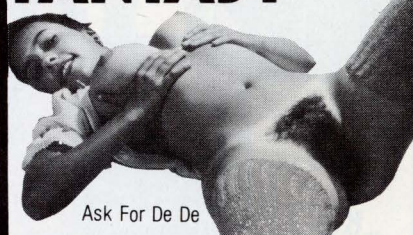
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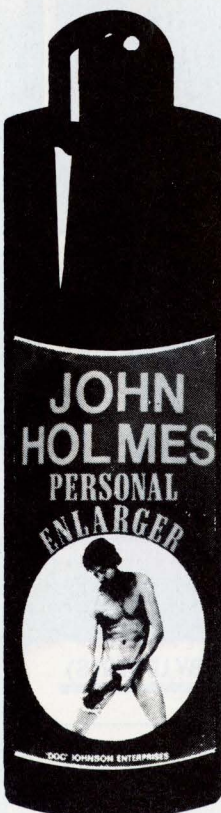
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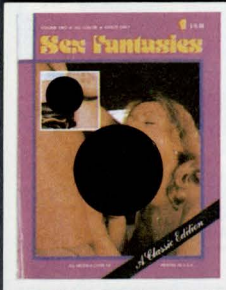
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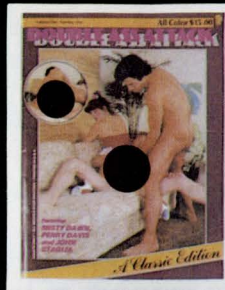
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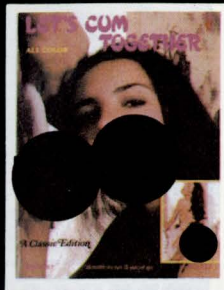
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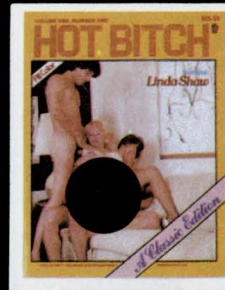
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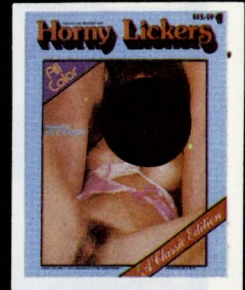
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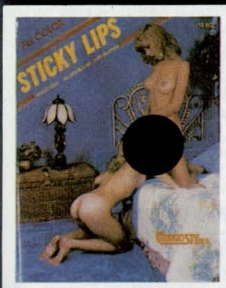
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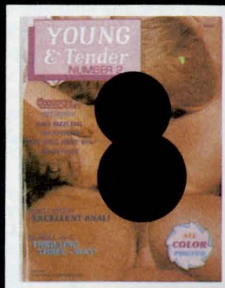
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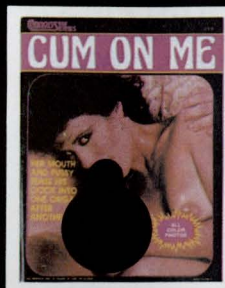
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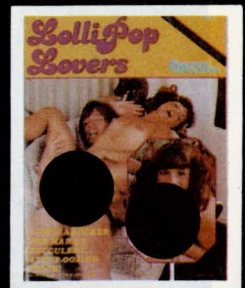
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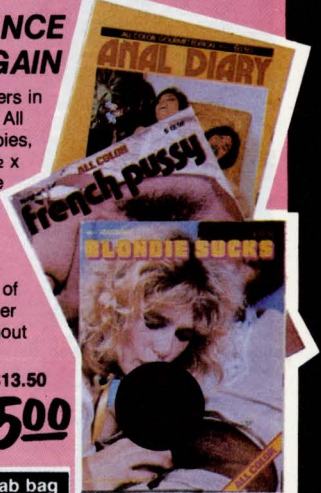
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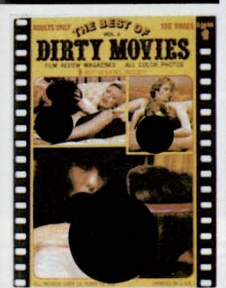
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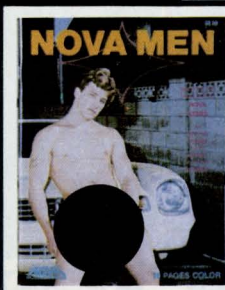
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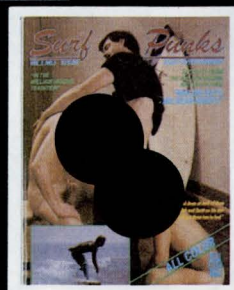
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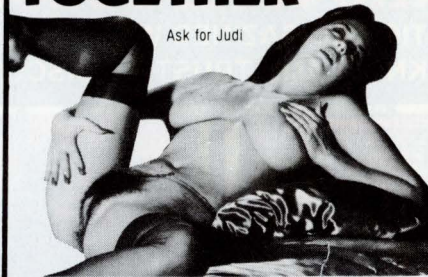
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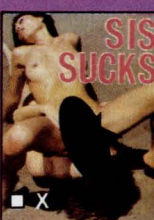
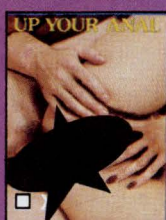
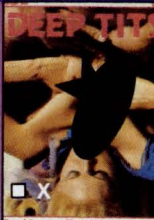
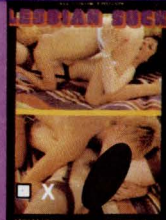
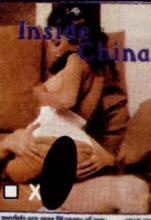
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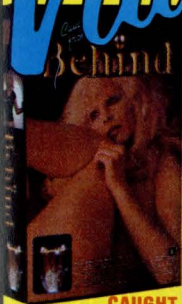
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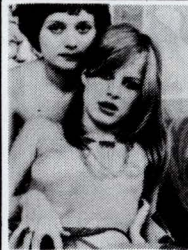


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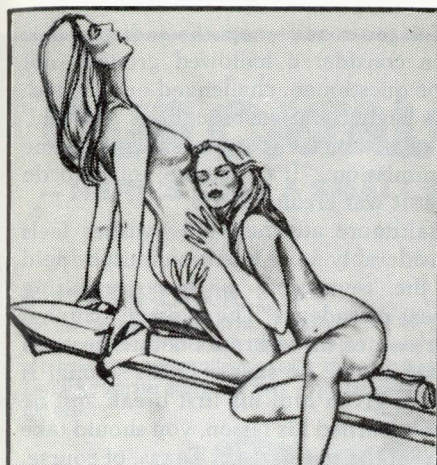
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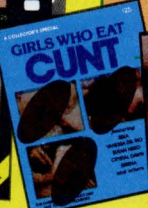
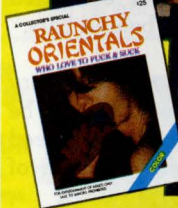
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COURTROOM HORRORS

(continued from page 108)

cence and the evidence was flimsy at best, why not allow Fay to take a lie-detector test. If he passed, the attorney said, then he must be telling the truth and should be released. Knowing he was not guilty, Fay jumped at the chance. But he suffered the same fate as the falsely convicted Larry Smith—he failed the test and also failed a second one.

In August 1978, having been convicted of aggravated murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, Fay stood before the judge and politely explained that the court had made a mistake. He then turned to the jury and informed them that they were wrong too. In jail he often proclaimed to the guards that he was an innocent man.

"They all laughed," Fay remembers. "They'd say, 'Sure, we know you're innocent. Everybody in here is innocent. You're just like the rest of them. In a few months you'll start bragging about what a badass killer you are.'"

Buzz never bragged. Instead, he spent his free time in the prison library, poring over lawbooks and trying to figure out how an innocent man could get sent to prison for life. People on the outside were pondering that question too, particularly one young attorney who became con-

vinced that Fay had fallen victim to yet another courtroom horror.

Two years later police apprehended the real killer—who bore a strong physical resemblance to Fay—and the case against Fay was dismissed. But his life will never be the same.

"I was making \$400 a week," he recalls. "I had a mortgage on my mobile home, a nice new car and a girl I loved. I guess you could say I was an average guy, trying to live out the American dream to the best of my abilities."

Fay lost everything to that travesty of justice that shattered his dream. All that remains is an ugly stigma that refuses to go away.

"The people here in town still think I'm a killer," he says. "I'll never, ever shake this thing. It's going to stick with me till the day I die."

There are countless tragic stories of innocent people being convicted and the guilty being prematurely released from prison—or avoiding confinement altogether. But only recently have critics' voices become loud enough to alert the public to its burdensome criminal-justice problems. We need more sensible bail proceedings, some experts insist. We need to stop carrying the rights of defendants to ridiculous extremes. We need to stop plea-bargaining—a procedure that gives criminals lighter sentences for pleading guilty to lesser crimes.

The death penalty, long the subject of heated debate among penologists and civil libertarians, should be thoroughly reexamined. "There is a growing feeling . . . that murderers simply aren't paying for their crimes," notes columnist Pete Hamill, addressing the problem of premature paroles and insanity defenses. "Many people believe that if a man takes a life, he should pay with his life. Others hold that the death penalty is a barbaric anachronism, but at least a convicted murderer can spend his life behind bars."

If that were only true.

Experts also contend that the disparity in sentencing from state to state must be eliminated. And most of all, we need greater cooperation among all parts of the system.

"The responsibility lies squarely in the hands of the judiciary, which has not been taking its job seriously," says Harvard's Alan Dershowitz. "When Chief Justice Warren Burger took office, he started throwing the blame around instead of doing something to overhaul the system. He blamed defense attorneys. He blamed prosecutors. He blamed the Constitution. He blamed the Bill of Rights. Personally, I think he bears the responsibility for the disarray in the American justice system."

For too many years the judiciary has been considered hallowed ground—not to be questioned, challenged or changed. "It's high time we brought it to heel," says Patrick Healy of the Chicago Crime Commission. "It's time we got it to do what it was created to do."

Baltimore attorney Bill Swisher feels considerably more attention must be paid to the revamping of laws regarding repeat offenders. "The average criminal gets two or three breaks before he even serves time," he says. "That's wrong. If you've given him his first break and he hasn't learned his lesson, you should take him off the streets." (In Texas, of course, the custom is just the opposite—giving him no breaks at all.)

Adds penologist and author James Q. Wilson of Harvard University: "We only have two alternatives—deterrence and incapacitation. You either have to scare people into not committing crimes, or take the criminals off the streets."


A logical first step would be showing criminals that the courts really mean business. "Currently there is no system of sentencing," says Thomas Reppetto, president of the Citizen's Crime Commission of New York. "It's been recommended time and again that there be determinate sentencing, where judges would sentence according to an acceptable guideline. If they felt the crime warranted more—or less—time behind bars, they could file a written opinion which would be subject to review."

In other words, the public needs to completely understand what the criminal penalties are beforehand. "The criminal just *knows* that he isn't going to serve time," says Reppetto. "So what's going to deter him from a life of crime?"

Along with specific changes in the way we go about putting the *real* criminals behind bars for *real* time, we may have to rethink our entire philosophy of punishment. Are the courts too liberal?

"Sometimes the acquittal of a guilty person is a necessary price to pay for our liberty," says Alan Dershowitz. "The Bill of Rights chooses to err on the side of acquitting the guilty rather than convicting the innocent, unlike the French system where a man is considered guilty until proven innocent. That's the way the system is set up, and the system can't be perfect."

Maybe so. But unless some substantial—not cosmetic—changes are soon made, courtroom horrors like those mentioned earlier can only continue to proliferate. And the next time, perhaps the person caught up in the system may seem less remote than a newspaper story or three minutes of videotape on the 11 o'clock news.

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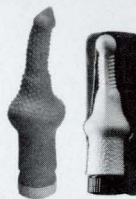
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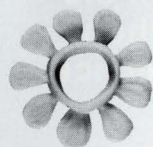
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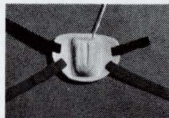
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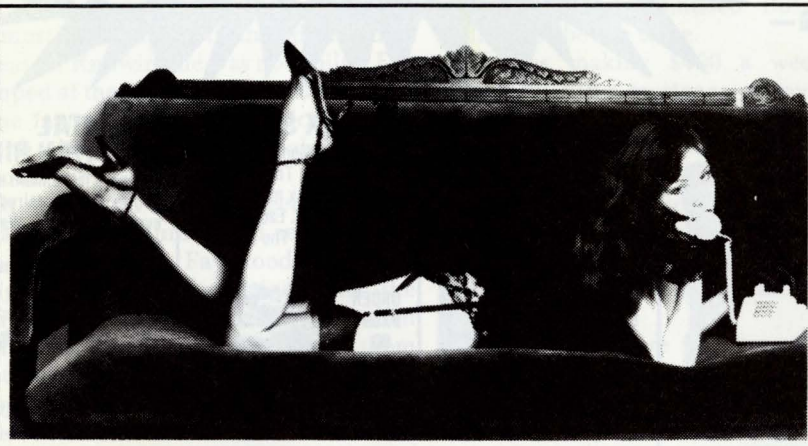
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PROFILE: BILLY MARTIN

(continued from page 52)

header loss to Toronto, he left the ballpark long before the final out—claiming he was ill. “I’ve had enough,” he said. “I’m sick of this crap.”

So was Roy Eisenhardt. He told Steinbrenner that Martin soon would be available if he wanted him back.

“The Oakland firing broke my heart,” Martin said when the ax finally fell. “My mother was there, and I wanted to stay out there near her home. I went into depression. But I went to Mass and thanked God for the opportunity. The Oakland and San Francisco press ripped me apart. I didn’t want to get into a mudslinging contest. You don’t get into a spitting fight with a skunk.”

Martin retreated to the half-million-dollar Oakland home the A’s had given him free use of for ten years. He watched television, went hunting, read a few history books, walked in the woods, puffed on his pipe—and waited.

“I was ready to say, ‘The hell with you, baseball,’” he recalls. “I was tired of being used, tired of being abused. I was ready to say, ‘See you later.’”

Then Steinbrenner called.

“I couldn’t imagine that happening, another chance with the Yankees, New York, all I wanted, all I ever dreamed about all my life,” Billy exulted.

Martin’s initial appearance in the Big Apple this year—his first home game as Yankee skipper since 1979—drew what was then the largest regular-season crowd in the remodeled Yankee Stadium. More than 55,000 fans cheered him for 45 seconds as he trotted onto the field, wearing a gleaming pinstriped uniform bearing the familiar number 1.

The cheers changed to scattered boos when the Yankees were soundly defeated 13-2. But it was still too early in the season for him to seem anything but optimistic. If all else failed, he had a powerful trump card to fall back on.

“I don’t preach it like some guys do, but I’m in love with Jesus Christ,” he says. “I go to Mass every Sunday, and I think every time I’m pushed down, He picks me up.”

There is little doubt Martin will be fired again; most managers are. The question this time around simply seems to be: When? Martin talks of a personality change, but he still has a hair-trigger temper. He talks of getting along well with Steinbrenner now, but two volatile, egocentric personalities can never live long in peace.

“I think Billy’s different this time,” says Yankee veteran Lou Piniella, “because he knows it’s the last time. You can’t go on blowing jobs forever.”

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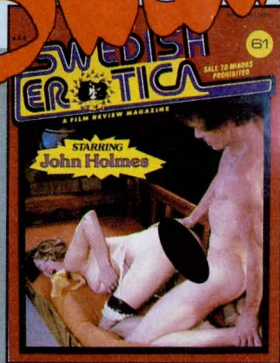
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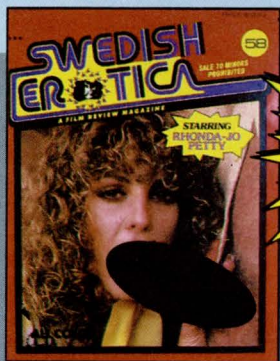


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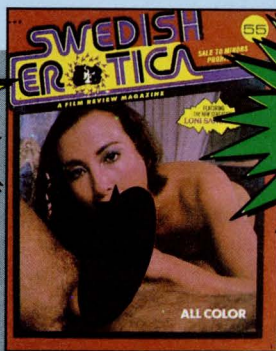
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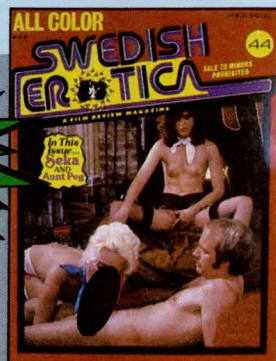
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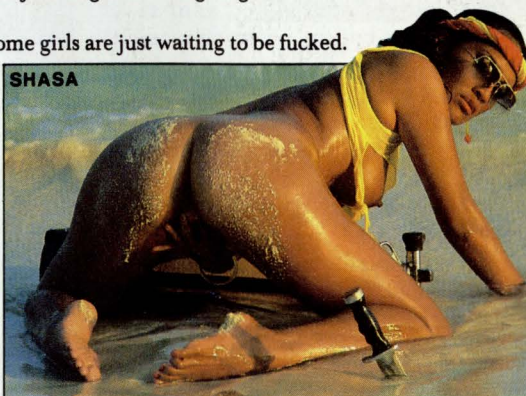
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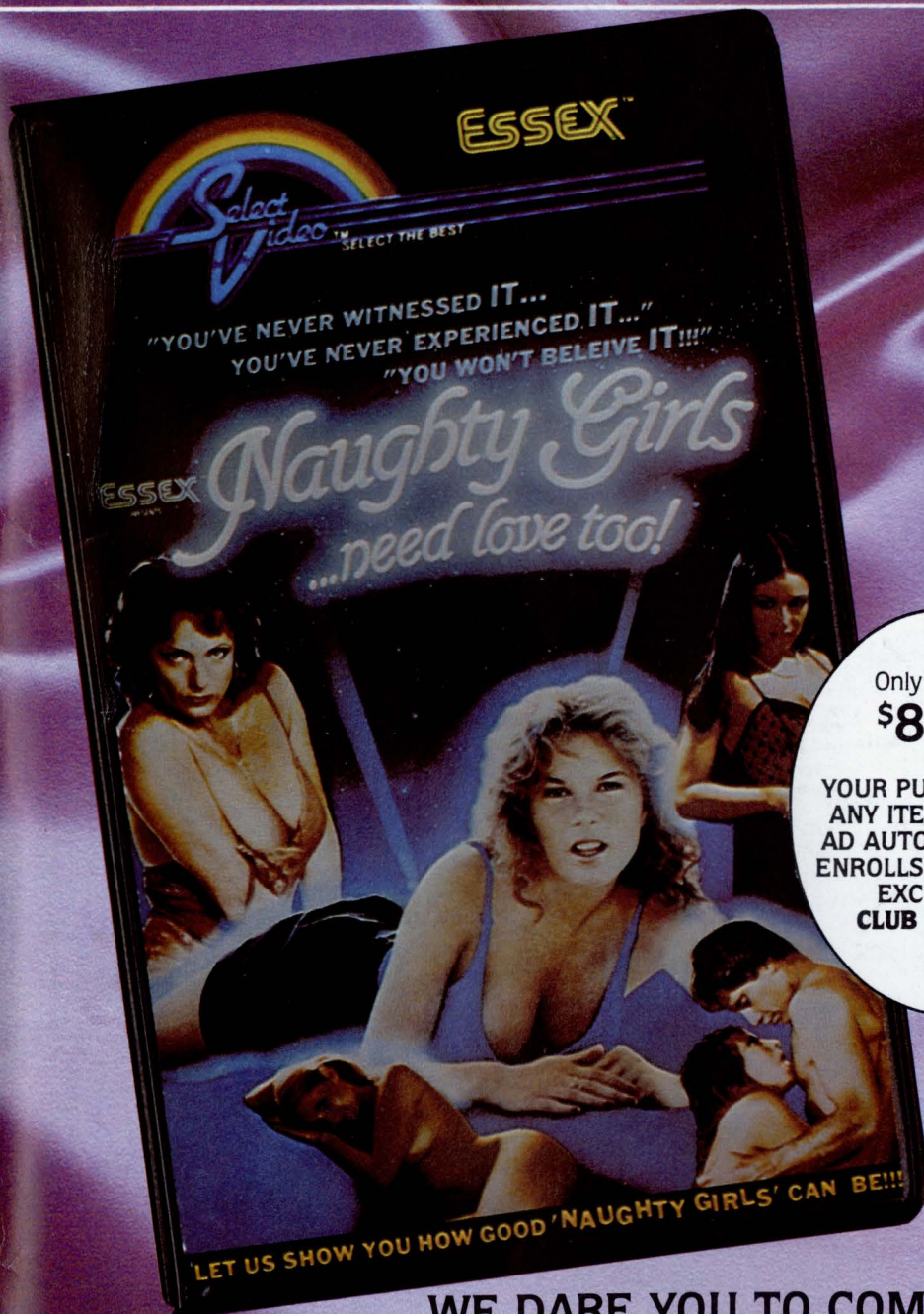
HOTSHOTS OF FLESH—Our lineup of blondes and brunettes—foreign and domestic—proves again why HUSTLER's pictorials aren't just good, they're the best! From the breathtaking sensuality of two classical musicians to the wild, wide-open passion of our horny centerfold, November's girls are *all* good enough to eat.

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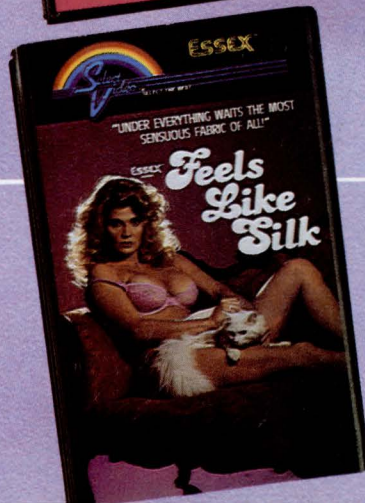
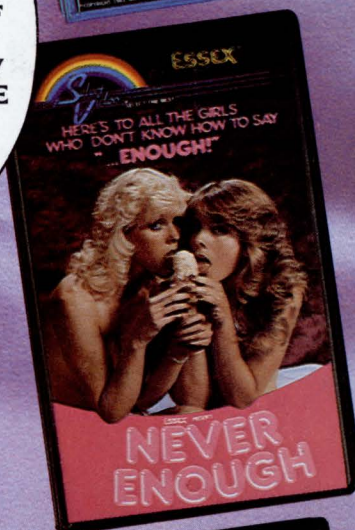
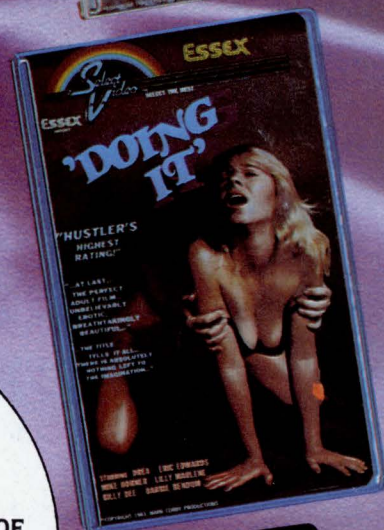
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